H. G. Wells'

THE TIME MACHINE

A George Pal Production

Draft revised thru 6-25-59

Screenplay

by

DAVID DUNCAN

Author of the novels:

THE BRAMBLE BUSH
BEYOND EDEN
THE SERPENT'S EGG
DARK DOMINION
THE MADRONE TREE

FADE IN:

M.G.M. TRADEMARK A.1

Leo the Lion ROARS over the FANFARE, then

FADE OUT:

GLIDING OBJECTS IN A WIDE DARK VOID - (ANIMATION)

Out of the SILENT darkness a short white fluted column surmounted by a SUNDIAL appears. It floats in, waveringly, until it becomes clearly visible, then drifts off as though moving in some huge orbit. A

Next an HOURGLASS floats in from the left of the screen. The faint HISSING OF RUNNING SAND breaks the stillness of space. B

As the hourglass glides across the screen, it is met by a GREEK WATER CLOCK accompanied by the SOUND OF DRIPPING WATER. C

A MEDIEVAL CLOCK with weights arises as its horizontal escapement TICKS LOUDLY. Meanwhile the sundial, hourglass and water clock return, drifting at diverse angles across the screen. D

THE SOUND of the various devices continues to MOUNT.

A FIGURE wheels past, with the face of a clock and the body carved like a drummer of the 14th century, BEATING the hour. E

A SMALL CLOCK bears a golden angel with hammer in hands as it STRIKES A BELL. F

ANOTHER TIMEPIECE, with CHIMES, floats in to mingle with all the drifting objects. G

The BIG BEN is TOLLING H

Then a GREAT BELL. J

DEAFENING SOUNDS NOW COME FROM ALL DIRECTIONS, as the time devices weave across the screen and, reaching CRESCENDO, STOP abruptly. A mellow VOICE begins to SING THE THEME of the picture, "The Land Of The Leal". Simultaneously, the screen reveals the MAIN TITLE: K L M

H. G. Wells'

THE TIME MACHINE

"THE LAND OF THE LEAL"

Words & Music by Peggy Lee

When I was a wee lad
And dark was the night
Afraid I would be
Til the bright morning light
And sometimes...for comfort
Away I would steal
Away I would go to the Land of the Leal.

And soon I would be there
It took me no time
My heart would be soaring
As I made the climb
And there was the green grass
So cool and so sweet
So good to be run through
With happy bare feet!

And who was my teacher
And how did I know?
Just when to be going
And which way to go?
But always when wishing
Away I would steal
Away I would go to the Land of the Leal.

And now that I'm older
I try to be wise
But when I am troubled
I still close my eyes
And just like the wee lad
Away I will steal
Away I will go to the Land of the Leal.

For there are no questions
And there are no lies
And never a storm there
To darken the skies
The birds who are flying
No freer they feel
Than I
When I live in the Land of the Leal.

L

After the CREDIT TITLES, the MUSIC SUBSIDES and we slowly

FADE OUT:

FADE IN: 1
EXT. COTTAGE - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) - (MATTE)

Warm lights pour through the windows, spreading over the snow-patched countryside. Only the laboratory, a converted greenhouse, is dark, shaded from the moonlight by a majestic, leafless oak. A two-horse carriage, in the style of the turn of the century, lingers in the driveway. Beyond all this, the River Thames takes a sharp curve.

A lonely figure hurries up to the front door and KNOCKS on it impatiently.

AT THE DOOR 2

The knock is answered by MRS. WATCHETT, the housekeeper, a thin, tense woman with iron grav hair. The CAMERA ENTERS the HALL with DAVID FILBY, an amiable red-haired young man of science, who hastily hands her his rumpled cloak and hat, then rushes toward:

INT. LIBRARY 3

A pleasant Edwardian room, the shelves are stacked tightly with volumes of books, many of ancient vintage.

Three men are seated in a rough circle, motionless, obviously awaiting the arrival of occupants for the two empty chairs. The silence is accentuated by the merry CRACKLING of logs in the fireplace and the capricious TICKING of innumerable timepieces about the room.

Filby enters, pauses to glance down, then embarrassedly takes his chair.

SERIES OF CLOSE SHOTS 4

DR. PHILIP HILLYER is an imposing businessman, wearing full sideburns. He stares stonily at the last empty chair, then at Filby with annoyance. (a)

ANTHONY BRIDEWELL, a man of the world, impeccably attired in the latest fashion, welcomes Filby the only way he knows, by lifting his glass of whiskey. (b)

4
CONT'D
(2)

WALTER KEMP, a middle aged man with keen black piercing eyes, angrily chews on his Havana. (c)

Filby fidgets uncomfortably in his chair as (d)

Hillyer glances impatiently at his watch, comparing time with a GRAND-FATHER CLOCK behind him, then snaps it shut and glares at: (e)

EMPTY CHAIR - MED. SHOT 5

Conspicuously unoccupied.

GRANDFATHER CLOCK - CLOSE SHOT 6

Reaching the hour of eight, it begins to STRIKE ITS MELLOW CHIMES. Other timepieces JOIN IN the announcement.

GROUPSHOT 7

The men look at each other until the CHIMES, BELLS ETC. FADE away. Dr. Hillyer angrily slaps on the arm of his leather chair.

DR. HILLYER
I say, this is outright rude of the man!

FILBY
He's undoubtedly been detained. That's all.

Bridewell, filling his glass, is trying to say something but is interrupted by

KEMP (unscrews the cigar from his tight lips)
This is such a confounded waste of time! If he's not coming, I've any number of more important things to do.

All heads turn as Mrs. Watchett enters, closing the door quietly behind her. With an envelope in her hand she stands there, hesitating.

7
CONT'D
(2)

DR. HILLYER
Speak up -- what is it, woman?

She is taken aback for a moment, then walks over to Filby and hands him the open envelope. He takes his time in extracting the note.

BRIDEWELL
Well...are we or are we not invited to dinner?

FILBY (reading)
Apparently we are.
(to Mrs. Watchett)
How long has he been gone?

MRS. WATCHETT (nervously)
I can't rightly say, sir. - Several days...I hardly catch a glimpse of him lately. He never leaves the laboratory and comes out only to nibble at his meals...but he did tell me days ago about dinner tonight and left these instructions.
(pointing to note)

FILBY
Thank you, Mrs. Watchett.

A faint, nervous smile is her acknowledgement and with that she retreats toward the door.

DR. HILLYER (indicating the note)
What does it say, Filby? What's wrong?

FILBY
Nothing really. - George merely says that if he is not here by eight we're to begin without him.

Kemp tears the note out of Filby's hand and reads it hurriedly. Meanwhile, Mrs. Watchett swings the door open and turns around.

MRS. WATCHETT
Dinner is served, gentlemen!

BRIDEWELL (puts his glass down)
First sensible thing I've heard all evening.

He rises and starts for the dining room. The others follow.

FILBY, HILLYER & KEMP - MOVING SHOT 8

As they walk toward the DINING ROOM.

FILBY
This is peculiar. He is usually very prompt, precise and punctual.

DR. HILLYER
He's making fools of us by inviting us here and then not showing up. It's not the behavior of a gentleman.

KEMP
To say nothing of the waste of time.

DR. HILLYER (agreeing)
To say nothing of the waste of time.

Bridewell, already seated at the heavily laden dining table, pours a glass of wine for himself while the others settle down. This time the chair at the head of the table is conspicuously unoccupied.

BRIDEWELL (arises, lifting his glass)
One thing I will say for George, he keeps the best cellar in the south of England...and Mrs. Watchett is the finest cook in the world. - I think I'll drink to that!

The glass barely touches his lips as he freezes at the SOUND OF DROPPING TRAYS and a PIERCING SCREAM. All look in the direction of another door across the room.

THE DOOR - FULL SHOT 9

It bursts inward and Mrs. Watchett, her hair flying, dashes down the steps panic-stricken into the room. The CAMERA RUSHES with her to the table where the men have come to their feet. Clutching Filby's arm, she points toward the long corridor now revealed by the open door.

MRS. WATCHETT (frightened)
There!...there...

All stare o.s., Hillyer with the carving knife clasped in his hand.

CORRIDOR THROUGH DOORWAY - FULL SHOT 10

We see the figure of a man approaching, a black silhouette against the pale glow at the end of the passage. He is bent with exhaustion and sways as he moves forward, limping. The man comes closer, his features still blacked out by shadows, but as he nears the doorway, the light from the room strikes first his legs, then his body and finally his face. Here he stops.

This is our first meeting with the TIME TRAVELLER (for so it will be convenient to speak of him). At this instant he is in a sorry state. His clothing is tattered and dirty, his face pale, bruised and scratched and his eyes glazed with fatigue. For a moment he hesitates as if dazzled by the light and then takes another swaying step into the room.

FILBY AND BRIDEWELL - MOVING SHOT 11

They come to life. Bridewell, noticing the glass of wine still in his hand, quickly gulps it down before rushing with Filby toward the Time Traveller.

FILBY
Good lord! - What's happened?

Reaching him, each seizes an elbow to support him. Bridewell throws a frantic glance at Dr. Hillyer back at the table. The Time Traveller, however, moves forward under his own power.

TIME TRAVELLER
I'm all right...just some food...a drink...

He reaches the table and sinks into his chair. With trembling hands Bridewell tries to pour him a glass of wine, spilling most of it over the tablecloth. The Time Traveller looks up at him with a wry smile.

TIME TRAVELLER
Are you all right?

A stunned Bridewell is unable to speak while the Time Traveller empties his glass.

BRIDEWELL (a delayed answer)
Of course. I'm...all right...

Meanwhile, Mrs. Watchett hovers over the Time Traveller like a mother hen.

MRS. WATCHETT (half apology, half concern) 11 CONT'D (2)
I didn't recognize you!...it was so dark...

The CAMERA MOVES IN as she dishes up a bowl of soup for him, but he pushes it away.

TIME TRAVELLER
Meat...I'm hungry for meat!

Mrs. Watchett grasps the carving knife from Dr. Hillyer and, with a single slash, cuts off a huge portion of beef and loads it onto his plate.

GROUPSHOT 12

The Time Traveller eats, the men watching him curiously. Finally Dr. Hillyer leans forward.

DR. HILLYER
Well, can't you speak, man? What happened to you? Aren't you going to tell us...

BRIDEWELL
Leave him alone, can't you?

TIME TRAVELLER (swallowing)
It's all right. - I want to tell.

FILBY
It will keep, George. Eat, rest a little.

TIME TRAVELLER
No! I must tell it now... while I still remember.

FILBY
Relax, try to relax a bit. You've all the time in the world.

CLOSE ON THE TIME TRAVELLER 13

As he looks up, amused.

TIME TRAVELLER 13
You're right, David. CONT'D
(almost to himself) (2)
That's exactly what I have. -
All the time in the world!...
ever since we were all together
five days ago, the last day of
Eighteen Hundred Ninety Nine.

Slowly the CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER while everyone listens so intensely that, aside from the Time Traveller's VOICE, only the TICKING of a pendulum CLOCK is heard.

SLOWLY DISSOLVE:

INT. - EBONY BOX ON TABLE - CLOSE SHOT (AFTERNOON) 14

(NOTE: The Slow Dissolve from the previous shot should give the effect of the Ebony Box emerging from the Time Traveller's brain.)

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
There in that box rests the result of two years' labor.

The CAMERA DRAWS BACK to reveal the LIBRARY. The Time Traveller, wearing casual tweeds and smoking a pipe, sits in his favorite chair behind the Ebony Box. Across from him in another chair sits Dr. Hillyer puffing his cigar. Bridewell and Filby have glasses in their hands -- Kemp nothing. All are looking at the box.

TIME TRAVELLER
(continues)
I wanted to finish the job before the new century began. - I barely made it.

BRIDEWELL
Marvelous.

DR. HILLYER (stands up)
What is it?

TIME TRAVELLER
Well, it has to do with time.

DR. HILLYER
(steps to box)
I've always maintained what this nation needs is a reliable timepiece. The Navy needs one. The Army needs one. - For the artillery you know.

14 CONT'D (2)

KEMP (leaning forward)
Couldn't do better, George. So that's why you've been in hiding. - Clever of you, indeed!

FILBY (studying the Time Traveller's reaction)
I don't believe George is referring to a new kind of timepiece.

TIME TRAVELLER
When I speak of time, I'm referring to the fourth dimension.

A perplexed look comes over Bridewell's face. Dr. Hillyer registers concern. Kemp looks troubled. Only Filby expresses avid interest.

FILBY
Go on, George.

TIME TRAVELLER
Now, as you know, the difficulty in explaining the fourth dimension is that it cannot be seen or felt - it must be thought of.

FILBY
If you don't mind, George, would you refresh me on the first three dimensions.

DR. HILLYER
Really, Filby, they must have taught you something at school!

BRIDEWELL (baiting Dr. Hillyer)
Suppose you explain it, Doctor.

DR. HILLYER
Certainly!
(he demonstrates pompously)
When I move in a straight line, forward or backward, that's one dimension. - When I move to the left or right, two dimensions. - When I move up and down, three dimensions.

14 CONT'D (3)

DR. HILLYER (cont'd)
(a bright idea lights up his face. At last he can get ahold of the box, but Filby interferes before Dr. Hillyer can get his fingers on it and he has to be satisfied with merely pointing)
For instance, this box has three dimensions: length, breadth, and height.

BRIDEWELL (amazed)
Well, then, what's the fourth dimension?

DR. HILLYER
Well, that's...that's mere theory! No one can really say what the fourth dimension is or even that it exists.

THE TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 15

Leaning forward in his chair.

TIME TRAVELLER
On the contrary, Doctor! The fourth dimension is as true and as real a dimension as any of the other three. In fact, they couldn't exist without it.

DR. HILLYER (enters the SHOT)
How do you mean?

TIME TRAVELLER
Well, take that box. It has the first three dimensions, as you said. But what if it didn't exist in Time? It wouldn't exist at all, would it?

DR. HILLYER
No.

TIME TRAVELLER
So - for an object to exist at all, it must exist in the fourth dimension....and that fourth dimension is duration....Time!

DR. HILLYER (Impatiently) 15
All right! But what's in that box? CONT'D (2)

TIME TRAVELLER
I'm coming to that. But first, consider! Why is it that we usually ignore the fourth dimension? Because we have no freedom to move in it. We can move in the other three -- up, down, forward, backward, sideways. But when it comes to Time, we are prisoners. Do you follow me, Anthony?

GROUP SHOT 16

In the f.g., Bridewell who has been sitting with a glazed, dreamy look, suddenly jumps.

KEMP
George! You've given a most lucid explanation and all that! But I don't think I entirely understand.

TIME TRAVELLER
Look! There are a lot of things in the world you don't understand, aren't there?

KEMP
Of course! Quite a number.

TIME TRAVELLER
But you don't refuse to believe in them because of that?

KEMP
Not if I can see the proof with my own eyes.

TIME TRAVELLER
Good! All I'm asking you to do now is to witness a demonstration of the possibility of movement in the fourth dimension.
(to Dr. Hillyer)
Philip, will you please hand me that box?

All eyes turn to Dr. Hillyer as he eagerly rushes to the table, lifts the box with surprise at its lightness, and takes it to the Time Traveller. George opens it with great care and brings forth a mechanical device

TIME TRAVELLER 18
I've told you. The larger model CONT'D
can carry a passenger on a journey (2)
through Time. - Not through Space,
mind you, but through Time.

BRIDEWELL
Oh, I say George! If you start
floating around in the future, aren't
you likely to mess things up for the
rest of us?

DR. HILLYER
The future is already there. It's
irrevocable and cannot be changed.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 19

He answers thoughtfully.

TIME TRAVELLER
That's the most important question
to which I hope to find an answer.
Can Man control his destiny? Can he
change the shape of things to come?

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE 23 CONT'D (2)
Imagine that this cigar is the Time Traveller. Now, this lever in front of him controls movement. Forward pressure sends the Machine into the future, backward pressure into the past. And the harder the pressure the faster the Machine travels.

GROUPSHOT - LOW ANGLE 24

All eyebrows are raised.

TIME TRAVELLER
This experiment can be performed only once. If it succeeds, I lose my model forever. That's why I need witnesses.

They look at each other, uncertain whether he is joking or not. Bridewell stoops with difficulty to examine the table.

KEMP
Go ahead.

TIME TRAVELLER
You're ready then?

Despite disbelief, there is a tense silence as he puts his finger on the lever. Then he pauses.

TIME TRAVELLER
Doctor Hillyer, would you care to lend me your hand?

Dr. Hillyer extends his hand hesitantly, smiling weakly.

INSERT OF MODEL 25

Using Dr. Hillyer's forefinger, the Time Traveller presses the lever forward. A LOW-PITCHED HUM is heard.

CLOSE ON THE MEN - LOW ANGLE 26

The men stare in fascination as the CAMERA PANS and the HUMMING INCREASES.

INSERT: GLASSES - CHANDELIER - VASE 27

The glasses on the silver tray rattle and clink against each other. (a)

The gas lights of the chandelier flicker rapidly. (b)

A vase shudders and moves slightly on the mantelpiece. (c)

INSERT OF MODEL 28

As the vibration increases, the outline of the model is blurred and gradually becomes transparent, until the Machine with the cigar has vanished utterly. The HUMMING HAS REACHED A HIGH SHRIEK and STOPS abruptly.

BACK TO CLOSE ON MEN - LOW ANGLE 29

The sudden silence is almost unbearable. They stare at the empty table. The CAMERA PANS.

DR. HILLYER (touches his cigar pocket)
I'll be damned!

TIME TRAVELLER (almost to himself)
It worked!

Filby swallows.

Bridewell, with his mouth open, stares at the table. Now he looks at the glass of champagne in his hand and places it on the mantelpiece as far out of reach as he can. Then, suddenly reversing his decision, he retrieves the glass and gulps it down.

30 OUT

TWO SHOT 31

Dr. Hillyer slowly turns to the Time Traveller.

DR. HILLYER
Where did it go?

TIME TRAVELLER (recovering) 31 CONT'D (1)
Go? Nowhere in the usual sense. It's still here.
(indicating space where the Machine stood)
But it's no longer in the present. It's traveling through time - to the future, to be precise.

DR. HILLYER
Do you seriously expect us to believe that?

TIME TRAVELLER
Certainly.

DR. HILLYER
But you just said it hasn't really moved.

TIME TRAVELLER
That's correct.

DR. HILLYER
Then why can't we see it?

TIME TRAVELLER
Because we're in this room on December 31st, 1899, while the model you saw is perhaps a hundred years away. This room, or even this house, may no longer exist a hundred years from now. But the Time Machine is occupying the same space it did a moment before it went off on its journey.

Dr. Hillyer runs his hand over the top of the table.

DR. HILLYER (exasperated) 31 CONT'D (2)
If it occupies the same space, I should be able to feel it.

TIME TRAVELLER
You must remember that the space you've just put your hand through is today's space. You can't put your hand into the space of tomorrow.

DR. HILLYER (getting angry)
Space is space! It doesn't change! The same space that is here now should be here a hundred or even a thousand years from now.

TIME TRAVELLER
No! Time changes space. This flat ground we're standing on now could have been at the bottom of the sea a million years ago. And a million years from now it could be the interior of a huge mountain.

Dr. Hillyer turns away, speechless.

GROUP SHOT 32

Kemp steps forward.

KEMP
Suppose what you say is true. Exactly what do you suggest we do with such a contraption?

TIME TRAVELLER
For my part, I intend to take a journey into the future. - Unless someone else prefers to volunteer.

There is no response.

BRIDEWELL (chuckling)
I say, George. Suppose you go off and get lost in the fiftieth century! How will you find your way back?

TIME TRAVELLER (quite serious)
That's a calculated risk I'm prepared to take.

Dr. Hillyer, having controlled his fury, now exchanges significant glances with Kemp and turns back with an air of reasonableness.

DR. HILLYER 32 CONT'D (2)
Now listen, George! I don't know what you take us for, but we're not fools. There are a number of ways of doing a disappearing trick! But a man of your ability should not bother with such nonsense.

CLOSE ON DR. HILLYER - MOVING SHOT 33

He gets up from his chair.

DR. HILLYER (unable to resist the temptation for sarcasm)
There's a war on, you know! The Boers are putting up a pretty stiff fight in South Africa and our country needs inventors like you. I can put you in touch with the War Office if you wish.

He walks over to the Time Traveller who is sitting near the table on which stands the empty Ebony Box with its lid open. Filby is in the b.g.

TIME TRAVELLER (looks up at Filby)
What do you think?

FILBY (hesitating slightly, and then)
I think Dr. Hillyer has a point, George.

Lazily the Time Traveller toys with the lid of the Ebony Box, then closes it with a SNAP. He looks up and nods.

DR. HILLYER
Now you're being sensible. I'll take care of it first thing in the New Year.

BACK TO GROUP SHOT 34

Everyone rises.

DR. HILLYER
Well, time to go. 34 CONT'D (2)

KEMP
Yes, we all have our plans for tonight.

Dr. Hillyer and Kemp head toward the door. Bridewell lingers at the table where the model of the Time Machine disappeared.

BRIDEWELL (concerned)
Are you all right, George?

TIME TRAVELLER
Of course, I am.

DR. HILLYER'S VOICE
Coming, Bridewell?

Reluctantly Bridewell leaves the library followed by the Time Traveller.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - FULL SHOT 35

While his guests put on their capes, overcoats, scarfs, gloves and hats, preparing for the cold weather outside, the Time Traveller steps to the door and grasps the handle.

TIME TRAVELLER
Thanks for coming.

He opens the door and they file past him, Bridewell at the rear.

AD LIBS
Happy New Year. - Goodbye, George. -
Happy Twentieth Century. - Etc.

Bridewell clasps the Time Traveller's shoulder, reassuringly.

EXT. COTTAGE - LONG SHOT - (DUSK) - (MATTE) 36

In contrast to the previous SHOT (Sc.1) this is a snowless wintery day. The visitors are boarding the carriage that awaits them in the drive.

DR. HILLYER
Come on, Bridewell.

Bridewell glances back to the Time Traveller, then submits and, with a CRACK OF A WHIP, the carriage moves off. 36 CONT'D (2)

EXT. ENTRANCE - FULL SHOT 37

The Time Traveller, a silhouette framed in the doorway, waves to them.

THE CARRIAGE 38

As it pulls away, Bridewell leans out, waving. From the opposite direction another carriage full of NOISY YOUNG PEOPLE THUNDERS by. In early New Year's Eve REVELRY they TOOT their toy HORNS at the Time Traveller.

BACK TO THE TIME TRAVELLER 39

Unmindful of their salutations he turns and enters the cottage.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL - MED. SHOT 40

The Time Traveller slowly closes the door and leans his back against it, staring into space. Thinking. - He spots a newspaper on a nearby table, apparently left by one of his guests, and picks it up.

INSERT: NEWSPAPER 40-A

A ROLL OF DRUMS in military fashion ACCENTS the headline that the Boer Army has won another victory.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 40-B

He closes his eyes and, added to the DRUMS, we HEAR the call to battle by a DISTANT BUGLE. Then more BRASS, FIFES and HORNS join the BUGLE and DRUMS to take up a MILITANT OVERTURE.

He loosens his collar, then with sudden resolution strides toward:

OMITTED 41-56

INT. LIBRARY - LONG SHOT 57

The Time Traveller crosses to his writing table in the f.g. He stands there and even in the darkness WE CAN OBSERVE that he is an angry man. He strikes a match and lights the overhead gas fixture. The light comes up and the MUSIC STOPS as he stares across the room to see:

FILBY - MED. SHOT 58

sitting in a chair near the fireplace.

FILBY
I thought I'd better stay.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
You needn't have troubled yourself. I'm all right.

FILBY
No you're not. - You've been behaving oddly for over a month now.
(and then)
I'm not leaving until you tell me what's on your mind.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 59

Deep in thought, he goes to the fireplace and stirs the coals. The CAMERA FOLLOWS.

TIME TRAVELLER
I appreciate your gesture, David, but if you don't mind I'd rather you left me alone.

FILBY
You have changed, George. Enormously.

TIME TRAVELLER
I'm sorry.

FILBY (looks up to him directly)
Will you answer me one question honestly?

59
CONT'D
(2)

TIME TRAVELLER
I'll try.

FILBY
Why this preoccupation with Time?

TIME TRAVELLER (sharply)
Why not?

FILBY
Don't go simple on me, George!

TIME TRAVELLER (a beat, then calmly)
If you want to know the truth, I don't much care for the time I was born into. - It seems people aren't dying fast enough these days. They call upon science to invent new, more efficient weapons to depopulate the earth.

FILBY
I quite agree with you. But here we are and we have to make the best of it.

TIME TRAVELLER
You may have to. I don't.

FILBY (making a half-hearted attempt at levity)
All right. Take a journey on your contraption. What would you become?... A Greek? A Roman? One of the Pharaohs?

TIME TRAVELLER
I prefer the future.

FILBY
You're not seriously saying you can do it?

TIME TRAVELLER
You saw the experiment this afternoon, didn't you?

FILBY
I saw a toy machine vanish. But I'm certain there are a number of ways of doing that trick. Any magician at the Hippodrome could probably do it.

59 CONT'D (3)

TIME TRAVELLER (angrily)
It was no trick! - Would you care to see the full-scale model?

FILBY
No, I would not! I have no desire to tempt the laws of Providence and I don't think you should. It's not for man to trifle with.

TIME TRAVELLER
Now you sound like Hillyer and Kemp.

FILBY
There is something in their common sense attitude to life.
(and then)
George, I speak to you as a friend. More, as a brother. If that machine can do what you say it can...destroy it. Destroy it, George, before it destroys you.

Distant SOUNDS of NEW YEAR'S CELEBRATIONS are HEARD.

TIME TRAVELLER
You must have plans for New Year's Eve. Don't let me keep you.

FILBY
Mary isn't well. We decided to stay home with the baby. But why don't you come home with me. You haven't seen little Jaime for a long time.

TIME TRAVELLER
I can't.

FILBY
What's stopping you?

TIME TRAVELLER
I just want to see the old century out by myself.

FILBY (rising)
Have it your own way.

He goes to the door.

AT THE DOOR 60

Filby stops, then turns around.

FILBY 60
Will you promise me that you won't leave the house tonight? CONT'D (2)

TIME TRAVELLER
I promise you, I won't walk out of the door.

Filby, a little puzzled by this strange promise, turns to go as the Time Traveller puts down the poker and steps up to him.

TIME TRAVELLER
David! Please don't think me unfriendly! - Come over to dinner - next Friday. Won't you?

FILBY
Very well.

TIME TRAVELLER
Fine...and will you bring the others with you?

FILBY (with a warm smile)
Whatever you say, George. - Happy New Year.

TIME TRAVELLER (shaking hands)
And a very happy New Year to you, David.

Filby pats his arm before he leaves. The Time Traveller stands there until he hears the FRONT DOOR SHUT. Then, FOLLOWED BY THE CAMERA, he goes to the writing table and sits down.

AT THE WRITING TABLE 61

The Time Traveller opens a drawer and takes out the new calendar that reads: "1900, Welcome New Century." He flips a few pages to find the next Friday and jots down the dinner engagement. At this point Mrs. Watchett, with his velvet smoking jacket over her arm, appears in the doorway and walks up to him.

MRS. WATCHETT
Will you be having supper in this evening, sir?

61 CONT'D (2)

TIME TRAVELLER (while exchanging jackets with Mrs. Watchett's help)
I don't think so, Mrs. Watchett. Why don't you take the evening off and celebrate.

MRS. WATCHETT
Thank you, sir, but if you won't be needing me I think I'll turn in early and get some sleep...
(indicating revelers outside)
...if I can. - Goodnight, sir.

TIME TRAVELLER
Goodnight.

She turns to go as the Time Traveller calls after her.

TIME TRAVELLER
Oh, Mrs. Watchett!
(as she responds)
I've invited Mr. Filby and the others to dinner next Friday.
(and then)
Happy New Year, Mrs. Watchett.

MRS. WATCHETT
Happy New Year, sir.

Mrs. Watchett exits, closing the door after her. Once again the Time Traveller is alone. He looks at the old calendar that reads: "December 31. 1899," rips the final sheet from the pad, crumples it into a tight little ball and tosses it into the hearth where it burns. With slow and deliberate movements he replaces the old calendar with the new one. Then, he hastily scribbles a note which he puts into an envelope and places it prominently on the table. He rises and mounts the steps that lead to:

INT. CORRIDOR - MOVING SHOT 62

The Time Traveller walks slowly toward a closed door at the end of the passageway. Here he pauses momentarily, removes the key from his pocket, unlocks the door, then slowly swings it open as the MUSIC STARTS the THEME of the picture.

INT. LABORATORY - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT) 63

The laboratory has the appearance of having once been a greenhouse. Only a few potted plants remain. The glass walls are obscured from view from the garden by rows of tall growing plants. Only the glass skylight is clear. Thick, dark, low-hanging clouds are passing beneath the moon, dimming its light and leaving the interior a maze of dark shadows. As the slow moving clouds pass overhead, a shaft of moonlight seeps through and we SEE workbenches, numerous tools, sheets of drawings and scientific instruments situated around the perimeter.

But the most conspicuous object in the room is the Time Machine. It is a duplicate of the miniature model already seen.

However, its size gives it a majestic quality. Nickel, ivory and crystalline quartz gleam and sparkle. While the miniature possessed a delicate, appealing note, the full size Machine has an ominous look. The wavering moonlight seems to render it alive and give it the power of movement.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 64

Staring at the Machine, hypnotized by his own craftsmanship, he locks the door with accustomed movement, then crosses to a workbench and lights a candle. Here a crystalline lever is attached to a polishing buffer. The Time Traveller sets it in motion, polishing the crystal lever until its rough edges disappear and its sparkles like a fine cut diamond. As he works, his lips purse and he softly STARTS TO WHISTLE the melancholy strains of "The Land Of The Leal." A clock near him on the workbench reads: "9:30."

Satisfied with the buffing, he removes the gleaming handle and crosses to the Machine. He settles into the saddle and affixes the crystalline lever. There is no sign of urgency in his movements to betray that his settling himself into the saddle is any more than a routine position he has taken before to work on the Machine.

Then he leans back in the saddle and gazes up at:

INSERT: SKYLIGHT - (STOP MOTION OR ANIMATION) 65

Passing clouds.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 66

He looks upwards for several moments. Then his hand slowly reaches forth and his fingers encircle the lever. - Gently he urges it forward.

A HUMMING SOUND, similar to the one made by the model, but MORE RESONANT starts and a soft glow wells up from within the Machine.

INSERT: THE CONTROL PANEL 67

The luminous dials show: "31 December 1899." The meters and indicators start to BUZZ and whirl. The glow increases.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 68

His expression is taut as he looks around, then down to the control panel.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
I started...and the laboratory grew faint around me...

INSERT OF PANEL 69

The figures spin, the needles vibrate. Then almost at once the Time Traveller's hand reaches for the lever and jerks it over to halt the Machine. The HUMMING LESSENS and FADES.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 70

As he starts to look up and around, slowly.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
...I stopped.

WHAT HE SEES - MOVING SHOT 71

Starting at the WINDOW with frost around the edges and icicles outside, we move around the room PASSING THE WORKBENCH over to the DOOR. During this we HEAR the:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE 71
No change; everything exactly as it had been before. - But no! CONT'D (2)

THE CAMERA SWINGS BACK TO THE WORKBENCH, CLOSE, where the clock now shows "11:09" and the candle has burned shorter.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE (excited)
The clock said 9:31 when I started and now it was 11:09...and the candle, shorter by inches.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 72

He looks amazed, then pulls his old fashioned watch from his pocket by its gold chain. It flips open showing almost "9:32."

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
And yet by my watch which was in the Machine with me, only a few seconds had passed.

Pleased, he puts his watch away and reaches for the lever, looking off toward the:

WORKBENCH - (ANIMATION) 73

The *HUMMING SOUND STARTS* again and, while the hands of the clock circle the dial, the flame of the candle flickers with the speed of a bee's wing, melting the candle down. The CAMERA MOVES to the window where the frost has spread and the icicles continue to grow. Light comes up behind so that the crystals glitter like gems and the sun starts to rise.

TIME TRAVELLER IN THE MACHINE - MED. SHOT 74

The rays of the early morning sun slide down the laboratory wall and sweep across the Time Traveller and his Machine. A trace of a smile -- and then, he looks up and squints.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
It was disconcerting to see the sun...

INSERT: SKYLIGHT - MED. SHOT - (STOP MOTION OR ANIMATION) 75

As the sun arches majestically.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
...arc in less than a minute...

INSERT: POT OF FLOWERS - (STOCK AND/OR STOP MOTION) 76

As they close.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
....to see flowers closing their eyes for the night, changes that normally took hours, occuring in seconds, was beautiful.

During this it has turned into night and a little SNAIL rushes across the ground beneath the plant, and then the flowers start to open again. Light begins to flood the scene.

In the b.g. Mrs. Watchett leaps into the garden, pauses the briefest instant to sprinkle the flowers, then with the speed of wind streaks away.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 77

A trace of a smile, then apprehension.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
And as yet I was travelling very slowly!
(challenging)
What if I went faster?!

His hand shoves the lever farther over toward the future position.

THE HUMMING SOUND RISES TO HIGHER PITCH. The Time Traveller lurches in his seat, clings to the controls and looks at the dials.

INSERT: CLOSE ON DIALS 78

They are spinning.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 79

As he looks up.

INSERT OF SKYLIGHT - (STOP MOTION OR ANIMATION) 80

The sun soars across the sky, night falls. Pin points of stars streak by and dawn comes. The sun is chased by the stars again and again. Faster and faster.

VERY CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 81

His eyes gleam with a mad light, half pleasure, half pain. His face is illuminated by the alternating flashes of light, each one indicating the passage of another day.

He turns toward the:

WINDOW - FULL SHOT - (ANIMATION, STOP MOTION & STOCK) 82

Without a trace of frost or icicles. The snow has disappeared, replaced by the lush green of Spring. While the vines of a Morning Glory grow up and around the window like a snake and the flowers open and close, we see the following through repeated fast flashes.

The sun hops swiftly across the sky. (a)

The night falls and the stars circle the North Star. (b)

The sun appears and disappears behind the whirling clouds. (c)

At night the moon races through tumultuous clouds. (d)

On the following day the sky darkens with thunderheads. There is a cataract of lightning and THUNDER. (e)

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER 83

Quick flashes of lightning on the Time Traveller's face followed by a series of SHORT THUNDERCLAPS.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
It became intoxicating. To see an entire storm in a few seconds. - So I pushed the lever on toward even greater speed.

He applies greater pressure on the lever. The HUMMING INCREASES. The alternate flashes of light become a flicker almost too fast for the eye to follow. He looks o.s. and sees:

EXT. TREE IN GARDEN - FULL SHOT - (ANIMATION) 84

Its shadows, cast by the sun and the moon, dance around the trunk, faster and faster -- the moon passing through its phases and the sun shifting its position with the seasons.

BRANCHES - CLOSE SHOT - (ANIMATION) 85

Leaves grow quickly. Flowers appear and turn into small green apples. Growing larger, they turn red and fall. The leaves gradually become amber and disappear. Suddenly the bare branches are covered with snow for a few seconds, then again burst into green leaves and blossoms.

EXT. DISTANT HILLSIDE - FULL SHOT - (ANIMATION) 86

Through the window we see the trees grow and change like puffs of vapor -- now brown, now green; they spread, shiver and pass away. Snow flashes across the country, vanishes and is followed by the brief bright green of Spring.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Thirteen years had passed...fourteen... fifteen...sixteen...and then...

Gradually soot, dirt and grime has built up on the windows from the outside and darkness prevails.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 87

His brow is beaded with perspiration. Alarmed, he grabs the handle of the Time Machine.

INSERT: THE DIALS 88

The hand of the Time Traveller quickly pulls back the lever.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
In the year nineteen hundred seventeen... I stopped.

The flickering of passing days and nights slows and the HUMMING SOUND GRADUALLY DIMINISHES. The dial stops on "13 September 1917".

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 89

The CAMERA PULLS BACK as he steps out of his Machine and glances with astonishment around the interior of the laboratory. The once clear windows are now dirty and boarded up. The world outside is completely obscured from view. Only faint light penetrating cracks indicates that it is day outdoors. He crosses to the door. Dust falls as he opens it and enters the corridor.

INT. LIBRARY 90

The dim light and the protective sheets covering the furnishings previously seen, lend the room a ghostly appearance. Tilted paintings reveal faded spots on the walls and the dust is inches thick here, as well as in the dining room seen in the b.g. Cobwebs are everywhere.

The floor SQUEAKS on every footfall as the Time Traveller, coming down the steps from the corridor, enters the room and looks about.

THE SHELVES - TIME TRAVELLER'S P.O.V. 91

Among his books still rest the clocks, his once prized possessions. There is NO TICKING now. The hands of the clocks, each pair indicating a different time, seem to guard the past.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 92

Curiosity takes the Time Traveller from the library, through the ENTRANCE HALL, to the front door. It refuses to respond to his attempt to open it. Even when he uses his shoulder it does not budge. He steps back and flings his full weight against it and with a WRENCHING SOUND it gives slightly. Under continued pressure the nailed boards outside give way and a flood of daylight illuminates the dusty interior. The Time Traveller moves into the open driveway that is now taken over by weeds.

EXT. COTTAGE - LONG SHOT - DAY 93

The Time Traveller takes a deep breath and looks curiously around. Everything is overgrown with vines and flowers. The house is boarded up. He starts to wander around, thinking, investigating.

(NOTE: The house is situated upon a site with distinctive landmarks that will stay recognizable during his journey into the future, thereby giving a clear conception that time-travelling does not involve geographical movement. For instance, the sharp curve of the River Thames in the distance will remain even after the house itself has disappeared.)

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 94

Suddenly the SOUND OF AN APPROACHING ENGINE catches his attention. He looks puzzled toward:

EXT. ROAD - LONG SHOT - (DAY) 95

Coming up the hill on a narrow dusty road is a car of 1916 vintage, with the HORN HONKING. The CAMERA PANS with it, up to a SMALL STORE across the street. The sign above the entrance reads: "Filby's Department Store". A MANNEQUIN, dressed for the period, is in the window. The driver, in the uniform of a Second Lieutenant of the First World War, steps out of the car. The Time Traveller walks over to see his old friend, sans moustache.

TWO SHOT 96

TIME TRAVELLER (glibly)
Going to a masquerade, David? You look rather silly without your moustache, old man!

FILBY (puzzled)
Were you addressing me, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER
(positively)
Filby! I expected more of an enthusiastic greeting from...

FILBY (smiles as he interrupts)
I'm afraid you have me confused with my father, sir. There was a remarkable resemblance. - I'm James Filby.

TIME TRAVELLER
Was?

JAMES FILBY
Were you a friend of father's?

TIME TRAVELLER
Yes...yes...I've been away.

JAMES FILBY
He was killed in the war...a year ago.

TIME TRAVELLER (aghast)
No!...it can't be...
(then, as he realizes its truth)
I'm sorry to hear that.
(pause, then hesitantly points)
And the gentleman who used to live across the street?

JAMES FILBY
Oh, him. Some inventor who disappeared around the turn of the century. - If you're interested in that house, forget it. You can't buy it or even go inside.

TIME TRAVELLER
Why is that?

96
CONT'D
(2)

JAMES FILBY
My father was executor of the inventor's estate and he refused to liquidate it.
(adds with a smile)
I often chided him on that account, but he felt positive that the owner would return some day. - Some people hereabouts think it's haunted.
(stares at Time Traveller curiously, studying the strange cut of his clothes)
Who are you, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER
Just a stranger who once knew your father.

JAMES FILBY
I see.
(still curious at the Time Traveller's abstract attitude)
Have you been at the front, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER
Front? What front?

JAMES FILBY
Why the war, of course.

TIME TRAVELLER
What war?

JAMES FILBY
Great heavens, man, don't you know we've been at war with Germany since nineteen fourteen? I thought perhaps you had seen action in France...or maybe...
(noticing confusion, adds with a note of compassion)
Perhaps a cup of tea would make you feel better. Won't you come in?

TIME TRAVELLER
No...no, thank you.

JAMES FILBY
You're sure you're alright, sir?

TIME TRAVELLER
Yes, I'm quite alright.

JAMES FILBY (hesitantly) 96
Then...goodbye, sir. CONT'D (3)

The Time Traveller nods and James Filby slowly turns and, glancing back repeatedly, enters the Department Store.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 97

He speaks almost to himself.

TIME TRAVELLER
Goodbye, Jaime.

With the bitter taste of death for his old friend, David Filby, he slowly walks across the street and returns to the cottage.

INT. LABORATORY - FULL SHOT 98

The Time Traveller approaches the Machine, steps up into the seat, throws his head back and grimly shoves the lever forward.

SKYLIGHT - FULL SHOT - (STOCK AND ANIMATION) 99

ACCENT on MUSIC, then as the HUMMING OF THE TIME MACHINE takes over, suddenly panes of GLASS BREAK one after another, giving a clear view of a sky full of SWIRLING TURBULENT CLOUDS.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 100

The FLICKERS of days and nights, as well as the HUMMING, INCREASES and DECREASES, in accordance with his manipulation of the controls. Over this:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
As I went along, I gained experience in handling the Machine. I found that I could stop for a day, an hour, or even for a second to observe, then go ahead for a year or two. - Thus I was able to see the changing world in a series of glimpses.

Something catches his interest. He pulls back the lever to SLOW DOWN. 100 CONT'D (2)

EXT. STREET - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT) - (STOP MOTION) 101

With the speed of wind, pedestrians streak across the pavement. The bright lights of the night pop out one after another leaving a sparingly illuminated street. The HUMMING SUBSIDES. The mannequin previously seen in the show window now wears the clothing of the "Roaring Twenties". A distant CLOCK STRIKES ELEVEN.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 102

Speaks surprised.

TIME TRAVELLER
Good heavens, that's a dress?

MANNEQUIN - MED. SHOT 103

From her pretty face with the funny hat, the CAMERA PANS DOWN to the hem line of her skirt, twelve inches from the floor.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 104

A smile appears on his face.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
This was intriguing. I wondered just how far women would permit this to go.

He pushes the lever ahead. Flashes and HUMMING INCREASE and we:

BLUR TO:

THE MANNEQUIN - FULL SHOT - (DAYS & NIGHTS) - (ANIMATION) 105

As the years speed by *INTERRUPTED BY SHORT BLURS*, the dresses of the mannequin change. The skirts

get shorter and shorter, then drop inch by inch while the hair styles vary. The bosom appears to swell with the sinking neckline and flattens as the neckline rises. During this: 105 CONT'D (2)

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
I began to grow fond of that mannequin. Maybe because, like me, she didn't age.

THE TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 106

Suddenly he hears the SOUNDS OF AIRPLANES and EXPLOSIONS in a strangely ACCELERATED manner. He looks down at the instruments.

INSERT OF DIALS 107

Showing the passage of time. October, November, December of 1939 and January, February, March, April, May of the year 1940 are peeling off.

The instruments vibrate erratically.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 108

He stares at the dials with much concern as he is PITCHED back and forth in his Machine.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Suddenly, in nineteen forty I began to be buffeted from side to side. My first thought was that the Machine had a mechanical defect or a part had worn out.

The Time Traveller HEARS the SCREAMS of DIVING PLANES. He stops the Machine and looks up at:

SKYLIGHT - MED. SHOT - (NIGHT) - (STOCK) 109

Through the panes of broken glass we see a clear but limited glimpse of the night sky that is swept by beams of searching lights.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT batteries are FIRING as a squadron of Nazi fighter planes are caught in the criss-cross beams of light. The sky is pierced with ack ack. Then, following the SOUND OF APPROACHING R.A.F. FIGHTER PLANES, a dog fight ensues. Several of the planes are hit and plummet earthward, balls of streaking flame and fire. 109 CONT'D (2)

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 110

Gazing up at the grim spectacle.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
The last time I had stopped was in nineteen seventeen, twenty three years ago. And the war with Germany was still waging - now in the air with flying machines. It didn't seem possible they could go on fighting all these years and still have the means of fighting. Then I realized the truth of the matter. This was a new war. There must have been an interval of peace in between these wars. Yet they had learned nothing but to prepare even more effective means of destroying one another. I decided to push on into time and see the outcome.

He looks down at:

INSERT OF DIALS 111

Denoting the movement of the Machine through time. The dials spin from 1940 to 1959 where the HUMMING NOISE SUBSIDES and the dials again come to a stop.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
The fighting in the sky lasted only a few moments. By nineteen forty five it was over, but I continued on a few more years before pausing for another glimpse of my silent, never aging friend.

THE MANNEQUIN - FULL SHOT - (DAY) 112

In bikini bathing suit. A car, a 1959 model, passes by.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 113

Smiling.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
It was reassuring to find that she hadn't changed. Only her costume. Provocative to say the least. I wondered what she would look like ten years hence.

With a grin he throws the lever forward.

INSERT OF DIALS 114

HUMMING INCREASES and the years spin; 1960, 1961 and so on until it finally STOPS on 1966.

BACK AT THE MANNEQUIN 115

Dressed in the sleek dress of the future. First a distant, then a close AIR RAID SIREN HOWLS, menacingly.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER 116

His smile becomes a puzzled stare at what he sees.

EXT. STREET IN 1966 - LONG SHOT - (DAY) 117

People are racing along the sidewalk. The SOUND OF MORE DEEP-THROATED SIRENS from all directions comes over. Drivers leave their cars of the period in disorder.

The running is purposive, however. All are entering particular buildings or, like those closest to the Time Traveller, are descending a stairway from the sidewalk down below street level. Some glance skyward.

A LITTLE GIRL picks up the doll she has dropped as her FATHER returns from the shelter. He gathers her up in his arms and rushes back to safety.

In a few seconds the streets are deserted.

TIME MACHINE AT EDGE OF PARK - FULL SHOT 118

The Time Traveller gets out and looks around, confused.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
At first I wondered if my Machine and I were the cause of the panic. I was to soon find out we weren't.

He starts off toward the sidewalk, the CAMERA MOVING with him. At the descending subway stairway he stops and peers downward, but sees no one below. Meanwhile, through a loudspeaker o.s., a melodious SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA is heard softly, until a BURST OF CHORDS attracts the Time Traveller's attention.

EXT. STORE WINDOW - FULL SHOT 119

A TELEVISION CABINET on display. The set is operating, showing a huge symphony orchestra led by one of the popular conductors of tomorrow. The CAMERA SWINGS to the modern ENTRANCE of FILBY'S DEPARTMENT STORE just as the Time Traveller reaches the two broad glass doors. As he steps forward he intercepts the rays of electronic eyes and the doors fly wide open.

He stops startled, looking about to see who opened them. Seeing no one, he starts slowly forward.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - LONG SHOT 120

From the TV set BLARES MUSIC that gradually becomes the UNDERSCORE for the SCENE. The Time Traveller enters and turns his attention to other products of tomorrow -- refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, reducing belts, etc. As his keen mind grasps the significance of each, he smiles with approval, proud of his fellow man. His delight increases until he is interrupted by APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. He looks off.

REVERSE SHOT 121

Coming from the office is THE WARDEN, dressed in a plastic suit. He also wears an armband and a white crash helmet, both bearing the insignia of "Civilian Defense." MUMBLES are heard from beneath his mask as the CAMERA PANS him to the Time Traveller.

121
CONT'D
(2)

TIME TRAVELLER
(shakes his head)
I can't understand you.

The warden takes off his helmet. He is David Filby's son, James, whom we saw in 1917 as a young man. He is now in his mid-sixties.

WARDEN
(looking at helmet)
Confounded radio in this thing. Makes more noise than it does sense.

TIME TRAVELLER
(recognizing him)
Filby!

WARDEN
My name is Mister Filby. - Didn't you hear the air raid siren?

TIME TRAVELLER
You mean that horrible screeching?

WARDEN
It wasn't constructed for its aesthetic values, you know, but to warn silly young fools like yourself to get down into the shelter. Now go on.

TIME TRAVELLER
But I'm perfectly comfortable and I find your store magnificent. What splendid achievements, what gigantic strides mankind has taken, what...

WARDEN
(interrupting)
Come on, young man. We'd better be going before the mushrooms start sprouting.
(looks at Time Traveller with renewed interest)
You do look familiar. Haven't we met somewhere before?

TIME TRAVELLER
Indeed we have. Right here. Many years ago.

WARDEN
I was sure of that, but the exact time escapes me.

TIME TRAVELLER
It was two wars ago, I believe. Nineteen seventeen.

121 CONT'D (3)

WARDEN (awed)
Why now I recall. The chap who inquired about my father -- and the house that used to be across the way.
(stops and stares at the Time Traveller)
But no...that's impossible. You haven't changed. You're not a day older. And your clothes...

TIME TRAVELLER
I'm afraid it's going to take me a little time to explain... You see...

There is an insistent, EAR PIERCING SIREN. It lasts for three seconds.

WARDEN
The last alert...hurry!

He grabs the Time Traveller by the arm and drags him out.

ON THE STREET - FULL SHOT 122

They emerge from the store. The Time Traveller pulls himself free.

TIME TRAVELLER
Listen to me! It's important.

WARDEN (points to sky)
Look! An atomic satellite zeroing in! That's important!!

The Warden runs, looks back over shoulder, calling.

WARDEN
Hurry! Hide 'til the <u>All Clear</u>!

He descends into the air raid shelter.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 123

He looks puzzled.

TIME TRAVELLER
All clear?
(yells)
I've got to talk to you.

The Time Traveller looks up as he hears the APPROACHING SIRENS OF AN AMBULANCE. Alarmed, he runs across the street directly in the path of the ambulance that threads its way between the cars left in disorder on the road. The driver spins the steering wheel and the ambulance tilts crazily in trying to avoid the Time Traveller. Suddenly there is a BLINDING FLASH. He stops and looks startled. 123 CONT'D (2)

VIEW THROUGH THE STREETS - LONG SHOT - (STOCK, MINIATURE, SPLIT) 124

A SATELLITE travels over the city in the distance. The flash is followed by an EXPLOSION and a giant cobalt mushroom begins to rise over the horizon.

BACK TO SCENE 125

As the Time Traveller tries again to rush toward his Machine, the shockwaves reach him and throw him to the ground. He looks back, desperately.

THE CITY - LONG SHOT - (MINIATURE) 126

Through the thick cloud of smoke and dust we see the once proud city of the future in ruins. Only a single, large structure in the f.g. remains standing for a moment, then it also collapses in an instant.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
The labor of centuries gone in an instant.

The ground shudders with an OMINOUS SOUND and suddenly a great rent appears in the wide street ahead, as though the earth were being torn apart. It zig-zags down the street and from the widening fissure clouds of smoke and steam rise.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
But then Mother Earth, aroused by man's violence, responded with volcanic violence of her own!

CHASM IN THE GROUND - (STOCK) 127

The smoke and steam give way to a spluttering of red hot lava which swells slowly at first in a rising tide and then spilling over begins to EXPLODE into the air.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER 128

The Time Machine is shaken violently, but the Time Traveller manages to crawl into it.

THE THAMES - LONG SHOT - (STOCK) 129

As the river spills over its bed and turns into another direction.

THE STREETS - (STOCK, MINIATURE, SPLIT) 130

With red hot lava swirling around the bases of the remaining buildings. The lower parts of the structures in the f.g. dissolve into smoke and flame and the upper parts come tumbling down into the rising red flood. Then the incoming rush of the river meets the flowing tide of lava. The two opposite elements, molten rock and cold green water, dwarf the ruined city as they leap toward each other, and meet with explosive fury. The air is rent with the SINGING HISS of water and the CRACKLING of cooling rock. Steam whitens the sky.

THE TIME MACHINE - LONG SHOT - (STOCK) - (PROCESS) 131

Out of the tumult a flow of red hot lava turns aside and leaps directly toward the Time Machine.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Then I saw my own danger. I too was to be engulfed!

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 132

As he sees his great peril.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
But to go back was unthinkable.

He jams the lever forward to its furthest position. The HUMMING SOARS TO A VERY HIGH PITCH. 132 CONT'D (2)

THE ENCROACHING LAVA - (STOCK) 133

It has been approaching with the speed of a torrent, but now it literally leaps forward in a blinding red haze that engulfs the entire scene.

THE TIME MACHINE - MED. SHOT 134

The interior of the Machine is permeated with a dull red glow which seems to flow like mist all about the Time Traveller.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Only my speed through time saved me from being roasted alive and encased in stone forever.

INSERT OF DIALS 135

They are spinning too fast to distinguish anything in the gradually fading red glow.

EXTREME CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 136

His face is bathed in sweat. His eyes search the growing darkness.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
The molten rock cooled.
(he closes his burning eyes as the last of the light vanishes)
I prayed...wondering how many centuries, how many eons must pass before the wind and rain could wear away the mountain that enclosed me.

In the pitch darkness there are only the SOUNDS of the HUMMING TIME MACHINE and the SLOW LABORED BREATHING of the Time Traveller.

Then a match flickers. The CAMERA SCARES BACK. The Time Traveller holds up a burning matchstick, his face glistening with perspiration as he leans forward to look at the dials.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE (whispering) 136 CONT'D (2)
Darkness...darkness for centuries.

INSERT OF DIALS 137

They roll very fast. We can distinguish only the passing of years -- 70,000...80,000...90,000... 100,000. Then the matchlight flickers and goes out leaving only the dial's own faint glow.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER 138

Once again there is darkness and the MONOTONOUS HUM of the Time Machine. He breathes heavily and tries to calm himself.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
I wondered if there was still war being waged on the ground above me... if man would still exist on earth, when I saw the sun again.

As he speaks, the Time Machine goes faster and faster. HIGH PITCHED HUMMING INCREASES.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
The centuries rolled by. - I put my trust in time and waited for the rock to wear down around me.

A white light from above begins to permeate the darkness. The Time Traveller looks up, his face showing immense relief.

WHAT HE SEES - (ANIMATION) 139

Rocks deteriorate and a bright blue sky bursts into view. ACCENT ON MUSIC.

EXT. TIME MACHINE AND GROUND NEARBY - LONG SHOT (SPLIT, ANIMATION) 140

Everything is a blur except the Time Machine with its passenger. The black rock on the surface slowly melts away and the flickering sunlight returns. The Machine is now finally entirely above ground, the only distinct object in the whirling transparent landscape.

EXT. TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE SHOT 141

As he smiles gratefully up at the sky.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
I was free again!

He looks o.s.

INDISTINCT COUNTRYSIDE - LONG SHOT - (ANIMATION) 142

There is an impression of several great buildings set wide apart by green landscape -- a landscape which no longer changes color even though trees spring up like plumes of green smoke.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Thousands of centuries passed, but the earth stayed green! There was no winter! No wars! - Had man finally learned to control both the elements and themselves? - I had to stop and find out.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 143

As he eagerly pulls hard on the lever, the HUMMING DECREASES and the dial freezes on: "23 November 802,701". THERE IS A CRASH LIKE THUNDER and the Time Machine suddenly goes into a spin. The CAMERA ZOOMS BACK TO A FULL HIGH SHOT as the Machine keels over. The friction caused by the intrusion creates a pitiless HAIL, and we

SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. TIME TRAVELLER - CLOSE SHOT - (DAY) 144

Thick mist eddies about his face, undulating dreamily, revealing enough to see that he is unconscious. Blood seeps from a gash across his forehead. He dazedly opens his eyes to find that he is gazing across the dewey, green turf. Then he looks up.

EXT. THE SPHINX - FULL SHOT - LOW ANGLE - (MATTE) 145

The vapor rises like a curtain to disclose a great bronze pedestal, green with verdigris, whereon clawed feet support the white marble figure of an immense Sphinx. The figure has the face of a woman, the body of a huge cat and the tail of a serpent. A weeping birch tree barely touches its outspread wings.

THE TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 146

He shakes the cobwebs out of his head and, FOLLOWED BY THE CAMERA, rises with difficulty. Still half-dazed he presses a handkerchief to his temple, as he loosens his collar, then reaches into the Machine, pockets the lever and surveys his surroundings.

LANDSCAPE - LONG SHOT - (MATTE) 147

It looks like a garden untended for centuries. The trees and shrubs are laden with strange blossoms or exotic fruits.

In the distance there is a building that might once have been a temple. Vines mat the ancient walls, seemingly holding them together.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 148

He smiles.

TIME TRAVELLER (to himself)
At last I've found a Paradise.

He starts off toward the building WHISTLING his favorite tune, "The Land Of The Leal". The CAMERA ACCOMPANIES him as he looks about with interest.

WHAT HE SEES - MOVING SHOT 149

Strange, exotic fruits bend the branches of the TREES, some purplish and gourd-shaped, others suggesting giant raspberries, mangoes, etc.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE 149 CONT'D (2)
Nature tamed completely and more bountiful than ever before.

VARIETY OF FLOWERS - MOVING SHOT 150

The CAMERA PANS under boughs laden with orchids and a multitude of other gorgeous blossoms.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Flowers everywhere...the whole landscape one vast garden with no sign of weeds or briars.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO GREAT BUILDING - LONG SHOT - (DAY) 151

The Time Traveller pauses and looks up at the building.

ACROSS FACADE - PAN DOWN - (MINATURE?) 152

Vines creep up the crevices. The ornamental stone work, while rich in detail, is weathered and broken with age.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
(surprised)
Unrepaired for centuries! Maybe unlived in for as long.
(then)
It would be no Paradise if it belonged to me alone.

INT. ENTRANCE - MED SHOT 153

Shooting through the ARCHWAY we see the Time Traveller mount the steps and enter the building.

INT. THE GREAT HALL - FULL SHOT - (MATTE) - (DAY) 154

In the background across the hall, the Time Traveller halts. He is dwarfed by the height of the vaulted ceiling. Although ancient in appearance, everything is ultra modern in design. Sunlight streams through

windows where half the panes of stained glass are broken. Faded curtains droop in dusty folds along the walls, and at random about the floor are low tables, some heavily fractured, loaded with bowls of fruit. 154 CONT'D (2)

His FOOTSTEPS ECHO through the great hall as the Time Traveller crosses to:

A TABLE - MED. SHOT 155

The Time Traveller glances down at the spread of exotic fruit. Everything looks fresh and clean as though newly prepared. Yet there is no indication of life or sound, either human or animal. The air hangs in a deathlike stillness. Slowly the Time Traveller turns and looks around the walls, his eyes searching, scrutinizing for some clue to this strange place. There is none.

Then he picks up an empty marble plate and POUNDS with it on the top of the table.

TIME TRAVELLER (shouting)
Anyone here?

But an ECHO is his only answer. Curiously he retraces his steps and leaves the great hall.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - FULL SHOT - (DAY) 156

Pick up the Time Traveller as he walks slowly along. Every sense he possesses is on the alert. His eyes probe every bush and tree and object that could possibly conceal some person or thing.

SERIES OF SHOTS 157-161

As the Time Traveller takes this long, slow walk, INTERCUT INSERTS of the various innocent objects he looks at with CLOSEUPS of Time Traveller as he reacts to the bewildering SILENCE and lack of life or movement.

The continued stretch of emptiness builds up a wave of apprehension in the Time Traveller which grows as he moves along. The apprehension mounts into tension and gradually but inevitably approaches the state of horror that a human being would experience in a strange place where he had just come from an innocent freshly set table of ripe fruits and stepped outside into a beautiful but weird vacuum. 157-161 CONT'D (2)

EXT. WOODED AREA - LONG SHOT 162

As the Time Traveller reaches the edge of the trees, he hesitates, then moves into the forest.

SERIES OF SHOTS 163-166

The trees are thick and deep shadows cut patches of darkness through the bright sunlight which struggles to penetrate the maze. The Time Traveller walks with continued wariness through the trees, glancing from left to right and occasionally stopping dead still and quickly darting a glance behind him at what he imagines to be some sound of movement. But all this is imaginary on his part. There is nothing that moves or makes a sound in this forest.

Suddenly he stops as he distinctly hears a familar and quite HUMAN combination of NOISES. The SOUND of SPLASHING WATER and LAUGHTER. He hurries to some dense foliage where he stops to cautiously peer out.

EXT. THE POOL - LONG SHOT - (DAY) 167

The Time Traveller's VIEW is partially obscured by the leaves. At considerable distance upstream, the PEOPLE OF THE FUTURE are swimming in a natural pool and sunning themselves on a beach of white sand. They are small, but delicately formed. Their grace and beauty fits perfectly into this splendid new world. The spot is also extremely lovely, surrounded by fern trees, and with the water plunging into it from a high waterfall. Below the pool the stream emerges in a swift torrent.

ANOTHER, CLOSER SHOT 168

A beautiful GIRL, dressed in a silken robe of white and gold, starts running. As she runs, she loosens her robe which drifts to the sand and she dives deep into the crystal water.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 169

He smiles philosophically and leans back against a tree trunk, watching the distant swimmers, reassured.

TIME TRAVELLER (musingly, to himself)
So this is man's future...

GROUP SHOT 170

The people, apparently without any cares of the world, play, romp and swim.

TIME TRAVELLER (o.s.)
...to bask in the sunlight, bathe in the clear streams and eat the fruits of earth with all knowledge of work and hardship forgotten.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 171

He pauses, thinking back on what he has just said.

TIME TRAVELLER
Well, and why not?

Suddenly a SHRILL SCREAM COMES OVER from the pool. He turns.

THE POOL - LONG SHOT 172

The Girl has swum out too far and is caught by the swift torrent. She CRIES OUT PITEOUSLY.

The other people turn their heads toward her, but make no move to help.

CLOSE ON GIRL 173

She has caught a ledge of rock and clings. Two little men, their bare feet dangling in the water, sit nearby but ignore the Girl's plight.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 174

He jumps out from the foliage, rushes to the bank, points toward the Girl and tries to attract the attention of those near her on the bank.

TIME TRAVELLER
Help her!...

No one moves. He runs toward the ledge.

BACK TO THE GIRL 175

Her grasp on the ledge grows weaker. She is at the point of letting go.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 176

Reaching the ledge, he pushes past the people nearby and grasps the Girl's wrist just as her fingers slip. Quickly, he pulls her out of the river's turbulent current and lifts her up in his arms.

GIRL - EXTREME CLOSE UP 177

Looking up at the Time Traveller bewildered, she shows neither fear nor gratitude.

TIME TRAVELLER - EXTREME CLOSE UP 178

Gazing back at the Girl thoroughly puzzled. He turns and glances down at the two little people on the ledge.

CLOSE TWO SHOT 179

These two men will later be known as the YOUNG MAN and the MAN IN WHITE. They return the Time Traveller's look of scorn with pleasant smiles as if they do not know the meaning of a mean look.

TIME TRAVELLER & GIRL - EXTREME CLOSE, MOVING SHOT 180

Trying to avoid looking at the dripping, robeless Girl - after all he is a Victorian - he carries her to the safety of the bank and sets her down on the sandy beach beneath the trees. The CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he straightens, then quickly takes off his jacket and throws it around her.

He looks at her for the first time sees the almost ultimate in feminine beauty.

TIME TRAVELLER
Are you all right?

TIME TRAVELLER & GIRL - FULL SHOT 181

Wearing his velvet jacket very appealingly, she calmly rises, turns and, without a word, walks away. The Time Traveller stares after her in astonishment.

The disconcerned people, now all dressed in multi-colored robes, are leaving the pool. They walk past the Time Traveller as though he was a part of the scenery, merely adding to his confusion.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 182

Perplexed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT BUILDING - (SUNSET) 183

Shooting toward the ARCHWAY. The sun is sinking as the last stragglers of the little people enter the great hall. The Time Traveller slowly follows them. He pauses on the steps to see if any will turn back to either welcome him or resent his intrusion, but they move on with lack of interest, completely. He sits down on the steps, thoroughly perplexed at this utter indifference.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 184

Seated on the steps leaning against a column. He senses another's presence, looks about, sees no one, then turns to glance over his shoulder. The Girl, now wearing her robe and holding his jacket over her arm, appears from behind the column. He looks at her and smiles reassuringly, but makes no move toward her. - She comes closer, then sits on the step above him and returns his jacket. While he slowly slips it on, she slides down a step to sit alongside him.

THE GIRL
Why did you?

TIME TRAVELLER
Why did I what?

THE GIRL
Come after me.

TIME TRAVELLER (ironic)
I did it to save your life, young lady, which I'm afraid doesn't hold much meaning for you or anyone else.

THE GIRL (simply)
It doesn't.

TIME TRAVELLER
Must have been fifty of your friends watching you drown. Not one of them so much as lifted a finger. -
(shakes his head)
A curious attitude - in a curious world.
(a pause, then a smile)
Aren't you the least bit interested in what I am...where I come from?

184 CONT'D (2)

THE GIRL (innocently)
Should I be?

TIME TRAVELLER (smiles)
Perhaps you'd better take me to someone a bit older I can talk to.

THE GIRL
There is no one older.

The Time Traveller is suddenly struck by the truth of her words. All of the little people seem to be of the Girl's age or younger.

TIME TRAVELLER
Doesn't anyone age in this land of yours?

The Girl makes no reply. Instead she gazes off at the sun which is low in the heavens. Shadows have already fallen over the distant hills.

TIME TRAVELLER
What's your name?

THE GIRL
Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER
How do you spell that?

WEENA
Spell?

TIME TRAVELLER
Write! - Can't you write? Look!

He bends over, picks up a stick and starts to draw on the ground.

INSERT: DUST 185

As the stick writes out: " W E E N A "

BACK TO SCENE 186

She shows little interest.

TIME TRAVELLER
And what are your people called?

WEENA (as if he ought to know)
Eloi.

INSERT OF DUST 187

The stick now writes in the dust: " E L O I "

BACK TO SCENE 188

A shadow crosses her face. Suddenly she springs to her feet, concerned.

WEENA
Come. We must go in.

TIME TRAVELLER (rising)
Why? What's wrong?

WEENA (anxiously)
It is getting dark.

She grabs his hand and pulls him toward:

INT. THE GREAT HALL - LONG SHOT - (MATTE?) - (DAY) 189

Crowded now. The people of the future are sitting on cushions around the tables, having their evening meal. The glowing orange light of the setting sun pierces the broken windows, lending a curious atmosphere to the place. No one pays attention to Weena or to the Time Traveller as they enter in the b.g.

AT THE MAIN TABLE - MED. SHOT 190

A score of attractive young men and young women are enjoying their dinner. There is a general atmosphere of bubbling good humor. They don't even look up as Weena and the Time Traveller sit down at the table. She hands him an orange-sized raspberry. He takes it, looks at the Young Man and the Man in White who sit across the table from him and tries to engage them in conversation.

TIME TRAVELLER (directed to Young Man, but meant for the entire group)
I don't mind telling you, I'm quite hungry. I've come a long, long way.

Looks around for some kind of a reaction. There is none.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 191

He bites into the fruit. It's good. While he is eating he searches for another way to bring up the subject.

TIME TRAVELLER
In my time a berry this size would have made news in every civilized country.

GROUP SHOT 192

There is no reaction, so he addresses the Young Man again.

TIME TRAVELLER
Sir, perhaps curiosity has died. Perhaps even courtesy has died, but I have come a long way and there are things I would like to know.

YOUNG MAN (considers a moment, then)
Why?

TIME TRAVELLER
Because I shall return to my time and they will ask questions such as what kind of government rules your world.

MAN IN WHITE
We have no government.

TIME TRAVELLER (speaking as though to a child)
You must have a body of men who pass and enforce laws.

MAN IN WHITE
There are no laws.

TIME TRAVELLER (taken aback, then)
How do you get your food and clothing?

The Man in White looks at the Young Man beside him. They both shrug their shoulders.

TIME TRAVELLER
Doesn't anyone work?

MAN IN WHITE
No.

192 CONT'D (2)

TIME TRAVELLER (picks up fruit)
Then where does this come from?

MAN IN WHITE
It grows. It always grows.

TIME TRAVELLER
But it must be planted, cultivated, nurtured...unless...
(with mistaken insight as he observes no reaction to this last query)
Unless you have an economy so well organized that you can devote all your time to study and experimentation. Am I right?

MAN IN WHITE
You ask many questions.

TIME TRAVELLER (annoyed)
Yes! And I'm not ashamed of it. That is how man has learned and bettered himself. I must learn about you and your civilization. You have books, don't you?

YOUNG MAN (recognizing a half-forgotten word)
Books. - Books! Yes, we have books.

He rises and beckons. The Time Traveller's brow clears.

TIME TRAVELLER
Books will tell me what I want to know. Books will tell me all about you.

He too gets up and follows the Young Man.

AT THE WALL - LONG SHOT 193

The Young Man leading. He reaches the wall and seizes an ancient curtain which covers it. A cloud of dust rises as he tugs it aside and the curtain falls, almost crumbling. Shelves and shelves of books are disclosed. The books are old even though many of them have futuristic designs. The bindings of once proud volumes hang in brown tatters. The Time Traveller steps to the books.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 194

The realization of the true state of affairs shows on his face. He is appalled. Carefully he pulls a volume from the shelf. Its binding breaks as he opens it and, when his hand touches the pages, they crumple like ashes and drift to the floor. He drops the book. His voice is a shocked WHISPER.

TIME TRAVELLER
Yes...they do tell me all about you!

With sudden violence he slams his fist into a whole shelf of books. His hand plows through them and the dust swirls into the air. He turns back in anger.

TIME TRAVELLER
What have you done? Thousands of years of building and rebuilding creating and re-creating so that you can let it crumble to dust.

With one hand he grabs the Young Man and shakes him.

TIME TRAVELLER
A million yesterdays of sensitive men dying for their dreams. For what? So you can swim and dance and play.

He releases him and leaves.

THE HALL - MOVING SHOT 195

The Time Traveller stomps among the Eloi, hating them for their dissipation.

Without emotion they watch him walk toward the entrance. Only Weena jumps to her feet. Her former indifference is gone.

AT THE ENTRANCE 196

From the top step, the Time Traveller looks down at them.

TIME TRAVELLER
I am returning to my time! Not to tell of the uselessness of the struggle - not to tell of the hopeless future - but only so that I can die among men!

He turns and strides toward the door.

EXT. ENTRANCE - MED. SHOT - (DUSK) 197

The Time Traveller bursts out of the building. A moment later Weena appears in the archway. She stands there, looking after him.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FOREST - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) 198

There are patches of mist and haze between the trees. With a blazing torch the Time Traveller strides across.

EXT. TIME TRAVELLER ON THE PATH - (NIGHT) 199

Coming from the distance the CAMERA PANS HIM TO THE EDGE OF LAWN, where he stops short, jerking the pipe from his mouth, his eyes wide with consternation. He raises the torch high to see:

EXT. THE LAWN - FULL SHOT - (NIGHT) 200

There is no Time Machine.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 201

In stunned shock.

THE PATH - FULL SHOT 202

Holding his torch high, the Time Traveller hurries toward the bushes around the edge of the lawn looking for his Machine, beating the branches with his free hand. After he passes one of the bushes, a white indistinct creature dashes out of it and disappears in the darkness. Unaware of this, the Time Traveller stops in the middle of the lawn where the Machine was last seen.

(NOTE: The surrounding is suggestive of the spot where the Time Traveller's house once stood.)

He looks about, slowly turning in a complete circle. Meanwhile the CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSE. Then, suddenly remembering, he digs his free hand into the

pocket of his trouser, drawing out the lever he had removed and looks at it with self-assurance. Returning the lever to his pocket, he drops to his knees and by the light of his torch, scrutinizes the grass. 202 CONT'D (2)

THE GROUND - TIME TRAVELLER'S P.O.V. 203

The turf has been ripped in parallel grooves as though some heavy object had been dragged across. CAMERA MOVES SLOWLY FORWARD following these grooves and HALTS where small misshapen, half-human foot-prints stand out clearly in the freshly turned earth.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 204

He straightens slowly, his eyes narrowed. Nervously he looks around, then steps on follow-ing the grooves.

BACK TO THE FOOTPRINTS 205

THE CAMERA CONTINUES TO FOLLOW the grooves straight across the lawn to the flagstones around the white sphinx. There are dark scratches on the stones leading to the wide panel in the base of the pedestal. Here the marks end.

AT THE PEDESTAL - MED. SHOT 206

The Time Traveller pauses, then gives the panel an exploratory KNOCK. It responds with a HOLLOW SOUND.

The Time Traveller thrusts his torch between the claws of the sphinx. With both hands now free, he tries unsuccessfully to push the panel either to right or left or up or down. Taking a penknife from his pocket, he runs the blade around the panel's edge hunting for a secret latch. No success.

Then he pauses, searching for a tool, and sees a loosened flagstone. He picks it up. With this heavy weight he batters the panel. At each blow it RESOUNDS LOUDLY, not unlike a gong. Four times he strikes, and then on the fifth blow the rock shatters in his hands. He stops in despair.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 207

He senses he is under observation by an unseen presence. Alarmed, he whips around then looks up to:

THE SPHINX - LOW ANGLE - (MINATURE OR MATTE) 208

The marble face looks baleful, almost smiling in the torch light.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER 209

He turns and peers toward:

THE BUSHES 210

In the shadows, beyond reach of the light, is a wide semi-circle of lumious eyes, reflecting the flame of the torch.

TIME TRAVELLER - FULL SHOT 211-213

He grabs his torch from the pedestal and slowly paces toward the nearest bush. But as he approaches, the glowing eyes vanish in the haze, followed by a ghostly impression of pale, fleeing creatures.

The Time Traveller halts and turns in another direction. The same thing happens.

Then he has an idea. Bending, he beats the torch against the moist soil and extinguishes it. Now in the darkness he straightens and waits, peering around until he hears a twig CRACK, then moves into the deep shadow of a tall bush, looking off.

THE PATH 214

Through the mist in the foliage a pale figure approaches slowly. It emerges onto the lawn.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 215

The CAMERA FOLLOWS as he leaps forward, grapples the other figure and bears it to earth. For a moment there is a struggle and then the other figure lies perfectly still. The Time Traveller rears back to get a look at it.

THE FIGURE ON THE GROUND - EXTREME CLOSE SHOT 216

It is Weena. The moving shadow of the Time Traveller reveals her pale face, with closed eyes, wearing an expression of helnless terror. She appears to be waiting for the inevitable end, but when it does not come, she slowly onens her eyes. She sees the Time Traveller and her face records a wave of relief.

The CAMERA WITHDRAWS TO TWO SHOT as the Time Traveller, embarrassed, helps her sit up.

WEENA
I heard you pounding...I came to tell you...

TIME TRAVELLER
How do you open that panel?

WEENA
No one opens it. Only the Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER
Morlocks? - Who are the Morlocks?

A look of fear comes into her eyes. She drifts her gaze away from his, too frightened to answer. Gently he takes her by the shoulders and turns her to face him.

TIME TRAVELLER
Why are you afraid of the Morlocks?

Again Weena drops her eyes from him, but he cups his hand beneath her chin and tenderly turns her head back so that her eyes meet his.

TIME TRAVELLER
Tell me.

WEENA
When they call, we must go below.

TIME TRAVELLER
Do the Morlocks live beneath the earth?
(Weena nods)
Why must you obey their command?

216
CONT'D
(2)

WEENA
They give us the food we eat, the clothes we wear. We must do as they command.

TIME TRAVELLER
What happens to your people when they go below?

WEENA (repressing an involuntary shudder)
No one knows. No one has ever returned.

TIME TRAVELLER (smiling at her warmly, reassuringly)
It won't happen to you.

Weena looks up at him, her fears dwindling, finding comfort in this strange being whom she cannot understand. Then she glances high into the dark sky and the old fear returns.

WEENA
It is night.

TIME TRAVELLER
Only children are frightened by the dark. - But then you are a child, aren't you?
(Weena glances around warily into the shadows, her anxiety mounting)
I'll build a fire.

WEENA (taking his hand, rises)
Let us go from here.

TIME TRAVELLER (getting up)
I can't, child.
(walking toward the sphinx)
My Machine is inside there, I intend to wait here 'til morning, then find some way of getting inside.

WEENA (catching up)
No, you must not.

TIME TRAVELLER (stops, then)
Help me gather some wood.

THE LAWN AND THE BASE - LONG SHOT 217

Reluctantly she helps him collect a few twigs which she hands over to him.

WEENA
Where are you from?

TIME TRAVELLER (picks up dry branches)
As a matter of fact, I'm from right here.
(gesturing)
There's where my house stood many thousands of years ago. Here - to that monument, was my laboratory. About there was my library where I once sat talking with friends about my Time Machine.

Meanwhile, Weena has seated herself near the bushes in the f.g.

CLOSE ON WEENA 218

She watches every move he makes.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE (continuing)
I hoped to learn a great deal. I hoped to take back the knowledge, the advancement, mankind made... instead what do I find? Vegetables!

Meanwhile a pair of pale, hairy hands rise slowly from behind her.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 219

With his back turned, he is piling up the sticks.

TIME TRAVELLER (continuing)
The human race reduced to living vegetables!

BACK TO WEENA 220

The hairy hands grab her shoulders. The fear paralyzes her. She is unable to scream.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 221

He is about to light a match, but finds he needs more wood. Without turning he calls back to Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER
Get me a few more twigs.

When there is no answer he turns and looks.

AT THE BUSHES 222

Weena is gone. The CAMERA ZIPS TO LEFT, then to RIGHT and finally STOPS on the limp legs of Weena slowly disappearing under the brush.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 223

We hear the RUSTLING OF BRANCHES and quick DIMINISHING FOOTSTEPS as the CAMERA RUSHES with the Time Traveller toward the bush. He helps Weena to her feet and draws her to the pile of dry branches.

TIME TRAVELLER
(after calming her)
What was it?

WEENA (low)
Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER (strikes match and holds it to twigs)
This seems to keep them away.

CLOSE ON WEENA 224

She gazes into the fire, with fascination. Slowly she raises her hand and reaches out to grasps the flame.

TWO SHOT 225

The Time Traveller grabs her hand. It is almost too late. She looks at her burned hand with more amazement than pain.

225 CONT'D (2)

TIME TRAVELLER (while examining her hand)
What ever made you put your hand in the fire?

WEENA
I never saw it before.

Apparently no harm done, the Time Traveller releases her hand. He shakes his head in amazement and sits down beside her.

TIME TRAVELLER
(after a long silence)
Do you know that the first thing which separated man from the rest of the mammals was his knowledge of fire?
(he looks at her)
No, I suppose you don't.
(pokes at fire)
The next great stride came with the discovery of the wheel.
(turns to her)
Do you know what that is?
(she shakes her head)
I'm sorry I was angry with your people. I had no right to be. No more than if I had visited the Island of Bali in my own time. You were safe inside your great house, yet you came out into the night to warn me. The one characteristic which distinguished man from the animal kingdom was the spirit of self sacrifice. You have that quality, Girl. I'm sure all of your people have it. All it requires is someone to reawaken it. I shall try if you'll let me. Will you?

WEENA
I do not understand you, but I believe you.

TIME TRAVELLER
That's a good start. - Now try to tell me...who or what are the Morlocks?
(Weena looks at him blankly)
Are they people or animals?
(her expression remains unchanged)
What do you know about yourself? The past? Don't your people ever speak of the past?

225 CONT'D (3)

WEENA
There is no past.

TIME TRAVELLER
Don't you ever wonder about the future?

WEENA
There is no future.

ANOTHER ANGLE 226

The Time Traveller is staring into the fire stirring the glowing embers as he speaks slowly and with compassion, hoping to arouse some feeling within her, even though she may not grasps the meaning of the words.

TIME TRAVELLER
Man's past is mainly a grim struggle for survival, but there have been moments when a few voices have spoken up. These rare moments have made the history of man a glorious thing. I refuse to believe it is dead and gone. We've had our dark ages before and this is only another of them. All you need is for someone to show you the way out. - I'm only a tinkering mechanic, but there must be this hidden spark in one of your people. If I can only kindle that spark, my coming here will have some meaning.

During his speech Weena has cuddled close to him, her cheek touching his knee. He looks down at her and sees he has made a friend. He places his hand gently on her hair. She looks up, her eyes no longer showing fear. Their faces are illuminated by the dancing flames.

THE FIRE - CLOSE SHOT 227

It CRACKLES reassuringly.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WELL - FULL SHOT - (DAY) 228

The ring of flames from the previous scene is seemingly replaced by a dark, circular shaft from

which comes the low THROBBING of some GIANT MACHINES, pounding, beating monotonously. The CAMERA MOVES BACK to include the LANDSCAPE where more wells are visible in the distance, each surrounded by a low, porcelain wall. Their roofs are shining brass-like disks. 228 CONT'D (2)

Across the field, from the direction of the sphinx, approach the Time Traveller, carrying his jacket over his shoulder, and a few steps behind, Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
My efforts next morning to open the panel were fruitless. I had to find another way to retrieve my Machine.

Weena, concerned, stands back as the Time Traveller walks up to the well in the f.g. and peers down into:

THE SHAFT - HIGH ANGLE 229

It descends into darkness, but near the top can be seen handholds in an irregular pattern. The THROBBING OF MACHINES is ominous.

AT THE MOUTH OF WELL - FULL SHOT 230

The Time Traveller in the f.g. turns back to Weena.

TIME TRAVELLER
Listen!
(pause)
Do you hear?

WEENA (fearfully)
Yes.

TIME TRAVELLER
Machines!

WEENA
No...Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER
(straightening, amazed)
You mean those animals run machines?

WEENA
They are Morlocks.

TIME TRAVELLER 230
(as he walks to her) CONT'D
I know, but have you seen the machines? (2)

CLOSE ON WEENA 231

She shakes her head.

WEENA
No, only heard of them.

The CAMERA EASES BACK to include the Time Traveller as he reaches her.

TIME TRAVELLER
Who told you?

WEENA
The talking rings.

TIME TRAVELLER
(moves closer to her)
What sort of rings?

WEENA
(with a shrug)
Rings that talk.

TIME TRAVELLER
Can you show me these rings?

Weena nods and starts off. He follows her.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GREAT HALL - FULL SHOT - (DAY) 232

Deserted, until Weena leads the Time Traveller past the tables toward the shelves of crumbling books that the Young Man had previously shown him.

She enters an archway and walks up a dark stone corridor. He follows.

INT. STONE CORRIDOR - MED. SHOT 233

Weena leading the Time Traveller up the corridor where it veers sharply to the right. They disappear around the corner.

INT. GREEN MUSEUM - LONG SHOT - (DAY) - (MATTE) 234

The Time Traveller and Weena stop at the threshold of a huge museum-like room, all done in a greenish colored porcelain-like substance. There are no windows, but the vaulted ceiling has a transparent dome where the sun's rays, changing with the course of day, illuminate the entire musuem. It is evidently a place that no one bothers to visit.

TIME TRAVELLER & WEENA - MOVING SHOT 235

Their feet kick up small flurries of dust as they walk among exhibitions of a long bygone era still existent behind plastic. Some of the cases are broken and their contents, exposed to the atmosphere, have decayed, crumbled to dust. We recognize objects and machines, some belonging to the early part of the twentieth century and still others take on the forms and shapes that the audience of today will recognize as contemporary. Then they pass cabinets that hold objects of a time far beyond comprehension.

Weena finally leads the Time Traveller to a broken case which contains several boxes of golden rings a few inches in diameter and one inch wide, lined with minutely spaced grooves. He picks up the nearest box and examines its contents.

TIME TRAVELLER
(picking up a ring)
Are these the talking rings?

WEENA
Yes.

TIME TRAVELLER
They speak?

WEENA
Yes.

TIME TRAVELLER
Of what?

WEENA
Things no one here understands.

TIME TRAVELLER
How do you get it to talk?

Weena takes the ring from the Time Traveller and lays it on a smooth topped porcelain block on its edge, like a coin, and spins it like a top.

INSERT: WHIRLING RING 236

A VOICE emerges from the spinning ring as the current of air flows through its grooves, much like a phonograph needle evokes sound as it plays through the surface of one of our records.

VOICE FROM RING
Whomsoever chances upon these rings will probably hear the last recorded voice of civilized man. This is the year four thousand eight hundred and twenty-nine.

TWO SHOT 237

The Time Traveller is listening in fascination and Weena in disinterested detachment.

VOICE FROM RING (cont'd)
The war between the East and West, which is now in its three hundredth and twenty-sixth year has at last come to an end. There is nothing left to fight with and few of us left to fight. The atmosphere has become so polluted with deadly germs that it can no longer be breathed. There is no place on this planet that is immune. The last surviving factory for the manufacture of oxygen has been destroyed. Stockpiles are rapidly diminishing and when they are gone, we must die...

The last few WORDS DECREASE IN VOLUME and FADE AWAY. The Time Traveller eagerly reaches into the case for the second ring and spins it.

ANOTHER VOICE FROM RING
This is the last day. We, the last to survive, have had our final meeting. We have decided to split into two groups. Each man and woman has made his own decision. Some have chosen to take refuge in the great caverns and find a new way of life far down below the earth's surface. The rest of us have decided to take our chances in the sunlight, small as those chances may be.

The VOICE from the ring DWINDLES and is heard no more. The Time Traveller quickly picks up the third and last ring and spins it. NO WORDS are

heard -- only the SOUND of MARCHING FOOTSTEPS over floors of stone -- then a deadly SILENCE. 237 CONT'D (2)

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 238

As he watches the last ring spin to a standstill. Over this:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
From the talking rings I learned how the human race divided itself and how the world of the Eloi and Morlocks began.

He turns.

GREEN MUSEUM - LONG SHOT 239

The Time Traveller paces across the hall. Weena hurries after him.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
By some quirk of fate the Morlocks had become the masters and the Eloi their servants. The Morlocks maintained them and bred them like cattle only to take them below when they reached maturity, which explained why there were no older people along them.

They exit.

GREAT HALL - FULL SHOT 240

The Time Traveller, followed by Weena, walks from the book shelves toward the entrance.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Now I knew I must go below. It was the only means of finding a way up into the sphinx to reach my Machine and to find out what happened to the little people when they went below.

They leave the Great Hall.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - FULL SHOT - (DAY) 241

The Time Traveller strides toward one of the wells. Weena senses his intention and catches up with him to grasp his arm.

WEENA
No...don't go...please. 241 CONT'D

He shakes her off. (2)

AT MOUTH OF WELL - MED. SHOT 242

The Time Traveller places his jacket on the wall. Then into the well he drops a dry leaf which, instead of fluttering slowly down, is at once sucked out of sight by the current from the shaft. Then he looks around and finds a pebble, drops it down the well and listens.

After a PLOP is heard he puts his arm down the shaft as far as it goes, feeling its surface, then throws his leg over the procelain wall and starts to descend. Weena rushes to his side to stop him.

WEENA
You will not come back.

TIME TRAVELLER
I'll be back.

Weena shakes her head and, as though giving him a farewell gift, thrusts a large blossom into his pocket. The Time Traveller smiles as he disappears.

FROM THROAT OF WELL - LOW ANGLE 243

Looking from below, the top of the well appears like a small blue disk with Weena peering down. The Time Traveller gropes his way.

Suddenly from the far distance comes the SOUND of LOW but POWERFUL SIREN. Weena straightens.

CLOSE ON WEENA 244

An expression of fear comes slowly over her face as the LOW SIREN is joined by ANOTHER of HIGHER PITCH. The Two make a grating dissonance. Slowly she turns in the direction of the sound.

BACK WITH TIME TRAVELLER 245

He looks up, concerned, pausing in his descent.

BACK TO WEENA 246

As the THIRD DISCORDANT BLAST joins the other two, Weena's fear is gone. In its place is an expression of utter resignation. Like someone in a trance she opens her eyes and stares straight ahead. Then, as though she is summoning all her strength to go through some ordeal, she starts walking away. The CAMERA PANS and we see the breeze ripple her silken robe about her as she moves.

(NOTE: During the above and throughout the following sequence the dirge-like WHISTLES CONTINUE, ECHOING mournfully.)

REVERSE SHOT 247

Weena is walking forward and disappears behind the trees as the Time Traveller emerges from the well in the b.g.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 248

Looking for Weena. She is nowhere to be seen. His face shows exasperation, bewilderment.

TIME TRAVELLER
Weena! Where are you, Girl?

WEENA - FULL SHOT 249

She continues to walk toward the source of the SIRENS.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 250

The DIRGE-LIKE MELODY becomes LOUDER, pulsating, as he pauses to watch:

EXT. EDGE OF FOREST - LONG SHOT - (DAY) 251

Emerging from the forest are two Eloi, a man and a woman. They are several paces apart and pay no attention to one another. Both have exactly the same manner as Weena. They walk along, eyes straight ahead, faces expressionless.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 252

As he looks ahead, then left and right, searching.

VARIOUS GROUPS OF ELOI - (SPLIT?) 253-254

In the open country now, the forest behind them. In their colorful robes, the Eloi march slowly across the green landscape.

All are converging toward a single point somewhere ahead.

WEENA AMONG ELOI 255

They walk close together, paying no attention to one another, following the command of the MELANCHOLY STRAINS OF THE SIRENS.

BACK ON TIME TRAVELLER 256

His concern has turned to apprehension as he tries to grasp the meaning of what he observes.

EXT. THE SIRENS ON THE SPHINX - FULL SHOT - (DAY) (MINIATURE) 257

It is the source of the sound. There are little bursts of vapor from the tops of the sirens as they repeat their tones, like a fantastic pipe organ behind the Sphinx.

TIME TRAVELLER AND ELOI 258

All of them walk in the same direction. The Time Traveller looks this way and that, bewildered. But the Eloi disregard him and march straight ahead, eyes forward.

The Time Traveller breaks into a run.

TWO SHOT 259

The Time Traveller overtakes the Young Man, seizes his arm and jerks him to a halt. Around them pass the shadows of the marching Eloi.

TIME TRAVELLER
What's ahppening? Tell me!

The Young Man shows no emotion as he struggles to free himself. His movements are almost mechanical. This unnerves the Time Traveller. He stares at him, releasing his grip.

The moment the Young Man is free, he faces about and continues his march. The Time Traveller remains motionless, watching him go. The ECHOING SIRENS are now getting on his nerves.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE GREAT BUILDING - LONG SHOT - (DAY) 260

The Eloi pour out of the Great Hall, walking in a trance-like state.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - EXTREME LONG SHOT - (DAY) - (SPLIT?) 261

From all directions the Eloi in their bright robes are moving, singly and in long files. The impression is one of vastness -- a feeling that mankind is marching to some unknown doom.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 262

He spots a girl, rushes up, grabs her from behind. But it is not Weena. Disappointed, he releases her, then goes on again, covering his ears with his palms, fighting to retain command of his own reason.

SEVERAL SHOTS OF THE SIRENS - (MINIATURE) 263-265

At various angles -- up, sideways, tilted. The WAILING is DEAFENING.

CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER 266

He still strives to control himself, moves forward, then pauses in amazement, looking straight ahead.

EXT. THE SPHINX - FULL SHOT - (DAY) - (MATTE) 267

It is toward the white sphinx that the Eloi have been marching. But now the panel, upon which the Time Traveller had pounded so hard, is wide open, revealing a dark entrance into the pedestal.

And despite their previous repugnance to the Sphinx, all of the people are now marching across the lawn resolutely to it.

AT THE PEDESTAL - LONG SHOT 268

The Young Man is the first to reach it. He enters the wide opening and starts descending into subterranean darkness. Others follow, Weena among them.

TIME TRAVELLER (o.s.)
Weena!

Without hearing him she passes through the entrance.

TIME TRAVELLER - MOVING SHOT 269

He desperately pushes forward, elbowing his way past others in his haste to overtake Weena. The crowd impedes his progress and he shoves the Eloi impatiently aside as he fights on.

TIME TRAVELLER (shouts in despair)
Weena!

THE PANEL 270

Slowly closing and the SOUND of the SIRENS gradually DIES AWAY. The Time Traveller reaches the panel as it shuts tight before he can touch it. He spreads his palms against it in despair, then turns to face those Eloi who, like him, are locked outside. What he sees astonishes him.

GROUP OF ELOI 271

They no longer approach the sphinx. The ceasing of the sirens seems to have released them from their hypnotic spell and now, awake again and frightened, they are retreating.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 272

As he goes after them to the edge of the flagstones and calls out angrily.

TIME TRAVELLER
Stop!

BACK TO ELOI 273

Featuring the Man in White in the f.g. They halt and stare back. The Time Traveller's voice comes over like a whip.

TIME TRAVELLER (o.s.)
What are you running from?

None of the Eloi answer.

TOWARD THE SPHINX - FULL SHOT 274

Beyond several Eloi the Time Traveller stands in the shadow of the white sphinx. He steps slowly forward onto the lawn, looking around the big semi-circle of his audience.

TIME TRAVELLER (sharply, gesturing back toward the panel)
Where have they gone?
(no answer)
What happens to them?
(no answer)
Don't stand there like a fatted cattle grazing contentedly in lush pastures. - Answer me! What's wrong?

MAN IN WHITE (calmly)
There is nothing wrong. It is all clear.

TIME TRAVELLER
What do you mean, all clear?

MAN IN WHITE (repeating) 274 CONT'D (2)
All clear!

TIME TRAVELLER (thinking rapidly, talking to himself)
Once....in the middle nineteen hundreds I heard a man...
(it bursts upon him)
The falling bombs!
(to the Man in White and the crowd)
That's over. Gone. Dead for hundreds of thousand of years. There are no more flying machines. No bombs. No wars!

MAN IN WHITE
Yes, the rings have told us that story.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED SHOT 275

TIME TRAVELLER
But you didn't listen. You didn't learn anything. All that is left is fear...a blind animal fear. Ages ago men were taught to hide in the ground when the sirens blew... taught to run from a raining death... but those men are dead! And so are the men who slaughtered them. Don't you understand?
(looks around pleadingly)
You are slaves of a dead past... You don't even own your souls. You're led to slaughter like sheep!

MAN IN WHITE (o.s.)
But there is nothing to fear now, it's all clear.

TIME TRAVELLER
What about those who went below? How are they to come back?

MAN IN WHITE 276

He looks ominously at the Time Traveller.

MAN IN WHITE 276
They never come back. Nobody can bring them back. CONT'D (2)

Unimpressed, the crowd begins to disperse, the Man in White following them.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 277

Calling after them.

TIME TRAVELLER
You can try. Won't any of you even try?

He sees that the situation is hopeless.

TIME TRAVELLER (almost to himself)
Well, someone has to try!

He runs off.

SERIES OF SHOTS 278

The Time Traveller running through the forest. (a)

He is laboring up the open hillside. (b)

The Eloi in a semi-circle silently watch. A few of them hesitantly start after the Time Traveller. (c)

EXT. THE WELL - FULL SHOT - (DAY) 279

Arriving, the Time Traveller pauses to catch his breath, picks up a piece of wood that could serve as a torch, then jumps over the wall and starts to descend.

Over this a faint THROBBING OF MACHINES can be heard.

SHOOTING INTO SHAFT - HIGH ANGLE 280

The Time Traveller climbs down, gripping the walls with his hands and feet. The depth beneath him is dizzying. THROBBING LOUDER.

IN THE WELL - FULL SHOT 281

As the Time Traveller descends, the CAMERA FOLLOWS him, step after step. The deeper he goes, the darker it becomes and the THROBBING OF MACHINES INCREASES as well.

Suddenly a rock gives beneath his weight. He barely saves himself. Not without fear he pauses to rest, glancing upward.

FROM THE THROAT OF WELL - LOW ANGLE 282

A couple of the curious Eloi peer downward, watching the Time Traveller's progress.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 283

A metal ladder affixed to the wall brings him finally to the opening of a transverse passageway. In almost complete darkness he steps from the ladder into the tunnel and pauses to take the piece of wood from his belt, but decides not to light it. He bends and peers ahead.

INT. GREAT CAVERN - FULL SHOT 283X1

The Time Traveller emerges onto the bridge in the b.g., pausing for a moment to survey the surroundings, then starts slowly down the staircase carved along the wall. The gloom is relieved only by puffing smoke and wavering lights, revealing occasionally vague shapes and grotesque shadows.

(NOTE: DRIPPING WATER from the walls and THROBBING OF MACHINES punctuate the desolation of this scene as well as the following sequence.)

CLOSE ON T.T. - MOVING SHOT 283X2

Walking, he notices an opening ahead and cautiously moves toward:

INT. ENTRANCE TO FEASTING ROOM - FULL SHOT 283X3

At the threshold of this dark, silent cell the T.T. pauses, then slowly enters. Behind him, across the cavern, an indistinct figure watches, but quickly

disappears as the T.T. strikes a match. The sight that the T.T. beholds fills him with revulsion and horror. 283X3 CONT'D (2)

THE FEASTING ROOM - T.T.'S P.O.V. 283X4

This is obviously a feasting place of the Morlocks. In the flickering light we see stone tables and scattered around the floor far below the unmistakable remains of human bones after the flesh has been carnivorously picked away.

T.T.'S VOICE
So, this was the destiny of the Eloi.

CLOSE ON T.T. 283X5

His features twisted in horror in the flickering light of his match.

T.T.'S VOICE
(continuing)
They were being bred like cattle by the Morlocks who had degenerated into the lowest form of human life...cannibalism.

The match dies between his fingers. Suppressing a shudder, the T.T. turns and as he leaves this chamber of horror, the rock behind him comes to life. A pale, spectral Morlock crosses the screen in the f.g. descending. Another in the b.g. does likewise.

MACHINES - FULL SHOT 283X6

Morlocks, their indistinct bodies obscene in their mockery of the human form, labor endlessly tending the needs of their machinery. They look up toward the intruder as they HEAR his APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS, then hide.

STAIRWAY - MOVING SHOT 283X7

The T.T. slowly descends the slender stone stairway that hugs the sheer wall. Meanwhile at the base of the feasting room under the stairway on which the T.T. is moving a Morlock moves a curtain aside and reveals itself. It silently watches as another Morlock appears at the top of the stairs and follows.

GROUP OF ELOI 283X15

Passing near the T.T.'s hiding place. Weena and the Young Man are side by side.

AT THE MACHINES 283X16

The Morlocks who followed the T.T. are closing in.

BACK TO T.T. - MOVING SHOT 283X17

He is unaware of the Morlocks behind him. Hugging the rock, he makes his way to the closest possible point where he can still remain unobserved by the herding Morlocks and get Weena's attention. He reaches out.

T.T.
Weena!

But she continues on with complete resignation to her fate. Unmindful of his own safety, he leaves his hiding place and grasps her by the shoulders.

T.T.
(shaking her)
Girl!
(he turns and grasps the passing Young Man)
Come to your senses! All of you!

As the T.T. pulls Weena toward the staircase, the Young Man follows.

FDOT OF STAIRWAY 283X18

Morlocks block the escape.

THREE SHOT 283X19

The CAMERA MOVES with the T.T., Weena and the Young Man as they are forced to retreat.

AT ENTRANCE OF FEASTING ROOM 283X20

Where other Morlocks with CRACKING WHIPS herd the Eloi into the chamber of horrors.

One of the Morlocks spots the T.T., Weena and the Young Man. He swings his whip. 283X20 CONT'D (2)

BACK TO THREE SHOT 283X21

The CAMERA MOVES with them as vicious CRACKING WHIPS drive them back to the entrance of the feasting room.

TWO SHOT 283X22

The T.T. tries to protect Weena. Suddenly a long lash of a whip strikes like a serpent and coils about the T.T.'s neck. He drops his unlit torch and whirls in pain.

Another whip scares Weena into the chamber of horrors, while several other whips land on the T.T.'s shoulders. Finally he grabs the whip from around his neck and jerks it, wrenching it free.

AT THE ENTRANCE OF FEASTING ROOM 283X23

The T.T., wielding the whip fiercely, drives the Morlocks back several paces, then suddenly from above a pale body of a Morlock lands on him, knocking him down, causing him to drop the whip. On the ground the cowardly Morlock stumbles away leaving the T.T. a prey to the battery of CRACKING WHIPS. He crawls in pain into the chamber of horrors.

GROUPSHOT INSIDE FEASTING ROOM 283X24

The T.T. comes to his feet among the Eloi. The WHIPS HAVE STOPPED, then the silence is broken by the GROWL of approaching MORLOCKS. Through the curtains, dark shapes swarm toward them. Then suddenly the T.T. pulls out his matchbox from his pocket. A match flares!

GROUP OF MORLOCKS 283X25

In the glare of yellow light we see the leprous figures of blinded Morlocks, dropping their whips, shielding their eyes.

THROUGH MORLOCKS'S EYES - (OPTICAL EFFECT) 283X26

The T.T.'s hand with the burning match rapidly zooms into the center of the picture in a BLINDING FLASH turning the screen momentarily white, then yellow and red. Then the CAMERA MOVES BACK indicating the Morlocks' retreat. Slowly the normal colors reappear.

BACK TO THE GROUP OF MORLOCKS 283X27

Regaining their sight in the darkness, they start to close in.

THROUGH MORLOCKS'S EYES - (OPTICAL EFFECT) 283X28

Followed by the Eloi the T.T. exits the feasting room and again lights a match. A BLINDING FLASH starting from the flame as a center engulfs the screen, momentarily white again, then yellow, finally red. Once more the CAMERA RETREATS, then still seeing through the Morlocks' eyes the CAMERA ZOOMS CLOSE ON THE MATCH BOX and the scaley hand of a Morlock slaps all the matches except one to the floor.

T.T. - MED. SHOT 283X29

He lights his last match and moves forward, looking for his lost torch.

GROUPSHOT 283X30

The T.T. leads the Eloi toward the stairway, the light of the match his only weapon in keeping the Morlocks away. Finally he spots his torch and picks it up hurriedly.

CLOSE ON T.T. 283X31

His face streams with sweat and is taut with apprehension while he applies the dying match to the intended torch.

TIME TRAVELLER (muttering)
Burn, will you!

He holds the match steady, but it burns lower and lower without starting the wood. In despair he turns to Weena. 283X31 CONT'D (2)

TIME TRAVELLER
Quick, something to burn! It's my last match!

BACK TO THE MORLOCKS 283X32

As they are closing in.

CLOSE ON WEENA 283X33

With a fierce gesture she rips open the loose sleeve of her robe, tears off a piece of cloth and holds it out.

BACK TO T.T. 283X34

As match is about to die, he holds it beneath the cloth. It flames up and he seizes it, dropping the dead match.

He holds the burning cloth beneath the wood and in this hotter flame it begins to burn. Once it starts he again attempts to make his way by blinding the Morlocks and leads the Eloi to the stairway.

GROUPSHOT 283X35

As the Eloi slowly make their way toward the stairway, one Morlock gains courage, and with his long whip strikes the torch out of the T.T.'s hand.

A CORNER 283X36

The torch rolls in and begins to sputter.

BACK TO SCENE 283X37

The Eloi huddle against the wall in terror as other Morlocks gain courage and move forward toward the T.T. As they face one another, the fight begins.

Eloi below him. 351X4 CONT'D (2)

TIME TRAVELLER
Weena! Weena, get the torch!

CLOSE SHOT - WEENA AND YOUNG MAN 351X5

Huddled against rock - React to fight - Weena looks quickly toward the Time Traveller, then turns searching for the flickering torch.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 351X6

As he turns to fight with Morlock on ledge. Morlock swings at him. He ducks and almost falls off ledge. He grabs Morlock, and hangs on until he can scramble up on ledge again. He clutches at Morlock's throat, banging his head against the rock wall, finally throwing him off ledge. At the same time another Morlock appears on ledge, while the Morlock he had previously kicked rises to menace him from the other side. The Time Traveller jumps across cavern to ramp and starts down toward the floor, trying to get back to his torch, his only weapon against the Morlocks.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TIME TRAVELLER 351X7

He pauses momentarily against Rock Wall. He sees Eloi, still huddled in a group, apparently too confused to move.

TIME TRAVELLER
Weena! Go on! Go on the steps!

CLOSE SHOT - AT ROCK - WEENA AND YOUNG MAN 351X8

Weena spots the still flickering torch and starts toward it.

INSERT OF TORCH 351X9

Lying on ground, still burning, Weena bends down to pick up torch, when suddenly a Morlock

appears facing her. She screams and jumps back, watching in terror, as the Morlock comes toward her. 351X9 CONT'D (2)

MED. SHOT 351X10

The Time Traveller comes down ramp to meet several Morlocks converging on him. He tries to fight his way past them.

CLOSE SHOT - WEENA AND YOUNG MAN 351X11

Morlock rushes in, grabs Weena and carrying her over his shoulder starts across toward Feasting Cave.

MED. SHOT - TIME TRAVELLER 351X12

JUMPS up on ramp, kicks back at Morlocks - sees Morlock carrying Weena - JUMPS through Morlocks and runs toward her.

FULL SHOT 351X13

The Time Traveller runs to Weena, pulls her away from Morlock, knocks him against rock. In the meantime another Morlock runs up on rock and jumps at Time Traveller, knocking him down. The second Morlock rebounds from rock and leaps on the Time Traveller and starts to choke him.

CLOSE SHOT - TIME TRAVELLER 351X14

Looks up toward YOUNG MAN - silently appeals for help.

CLOSE SHOT - YOUNG MAN 351X15

Standing in front of group of Eloi returns the Time Traveller's silent plea for help. Slowly raises his right hand, stares at it as he gradually clenches it into a fist. Then, making up his mind, raises both hands and strikes Morlock hard on the back of his neck.

MED. SHOT 351X16

As Morlock relaxes his grip the Time Traveller kicks him back to rock, scrambles up and runs to get his torch. Several Morlocks try to herd Eloi back into Feasting Cave, but led by the Young Man and his newly discovered strength, the Eloi resist them. The Time Traveller runs back in with torch, and herd the Eloi toward stairs.

FULL SHOT 351X17

The Time Traveller urges the Eloi up the stairs pushing Weena ahead of him. They climb up past Cauldron. Morlocks come in after fleeing Eloi, shielding their eyes from the light of the Time Traveller's torch.

CLOSER SHOT 351X18

The Time Traveller looks ahead to be sure the Eloi are all on their way out. Then turns back and drops his torch into the oil flowing into the Cauldron

FULL SHOT 351X19

The burning torch catches the Cauldron on fire, which quickly spreads across the floor of the Cavern, to the steaming machine on the right, which explodes. The Time Traveller herds Eloi out across Stone Bridge.

MED. SHOT 351X20

Pursuing Morlock runs up steps in back of burning Cauldron hiding his face from the flames. He bumps into the Pipe coming down the wall, loses his balance and falls into the burning Cauldron - Flames shoot higher.

PAN SHOT 351X21

Another Morlock comes from behind machine, as fire creeps across floor, almost reaches machine at same time as fire - and it explodes. Morlock catches fire and runs across into Feasting Cave.

PASSAGEWAY - LONG SHOT 352

Smoke is thick as the Time Traveller and Weena run toward a circle of light on the floor far ahead.

CIRCLE OF LIGHT - HIGH ANGLE 353

Weena and the Time Traveller reach the light that comes straight down from above, and look up the shaft. Smoke belches from the passage-way as he helps her start up the ladder and then he, himself, follows, clambering out of sight.

IN THE WELL 354

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Weena and the Time Traveller climbing up, COUGHING from smoke. The light becomes slowly brighter and he looks up.

FROM THROAT OF WELL - LOW ANGLE 355

Gradually the top of the well becomes visible through the swirling smoke. The Young Man is peering down. He reaches to help Weena and the Time Traveller.

SHOOTING INTO SHAFT - HIGH ANGLE 356

Weena and the Time Traveller are both dark with soot, near exhaustion. Far below them red flames pierce through the smoke. They each in turn grasp the helping hand of the Young Man and climb up out of the well.

EXT. THE WELL- MED. SHOT - (SUNSET) 357

As their eyes meet, the Time Traveller grips the Young Man's shoulder and gives it a brief shake of approval.

The Time Traveller then grabs up branches and twigs, carries them to the mouth of the well, ignites the pile of kindling with his torch and drops the burning wood down into the well.

SHOOTING INTO SHAFT - HIGH ANGLE 358

The burning wood drops to the bottom where it ignites the oil with a burst of flame that shoots up the well.

BACK TO SCENE 359

The Time Traveller picks up his jacket and points to the other wells. The Young Man first, then the rest of the Eloi grasp the idea. They also light branches from the torch and dash for the various wells to duplicate the Time Traveller's action.

VARIOUS SHOTS OF ELOI 360-362

Carrying bundles of burning wood to the mouths of wells and dumping the fire below.

TWO SHOT 363

With Weena at his side, the Time Traveller gazes on with approval at the Eloi's work.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - FULL SHOT - (SUNSET) 364

It is dotted with wells, each of which has been turned into a fiery furnace shooting flames and smoke up from the burning oil below, preventing the Morlocks from any avenue of escape to the surface of the Earth.

A WELL - (MINIATURE) 365

It falls with a CRASH to the ground and begins to spew smoke and flame into the undergrowth of the forest nearby.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO GREAT BUILDING - LONG SHOT - (SUNSET) 366

Smoke drifts out of its windows. The Eloi hurry out, led by the Man in white. They stop and stare at the sight of the Morlock world being destroyed below.

EXT. THE BLAZING FOREST - (SUNSET) - (STOCK) 367-368

The sun on the horizon is a dim red ball through the smoke. Several trees fall over, blazing. LOW UNDERGROUND RUMBLING is heard.

WEENA AND THE TIME TRAVELLER 369

They start down the hill after the Eloi, seeking safety together. Suddenly a DISTANT RUMBLE OF THE EARTH makes them pause and look o.s.

EXT. LANDSCAPE - FULL SHOT - (DUSK) - (MINIATURE) 370

Then comes a SERIES OF TEMBLORS, each more powerful than the one before. The earth shudders and the

blazing forest begins to collapse. It does not explode into the air. Rather, the solid earth seems to give way so that the entire surface of the ground begins to fall into the subterranean chambers. 370 CONT'D. (2)

ANOTHER ANGLE - (MINIATURE) 371

A section of the earth sheers away and falls in an ever widening rift.

A WELL - (MINIATURE) 372

As it is swallowed by the earth, followed by a belch of steam.

BACK TO LANDSCAPE - (MINIATURE) 373

Leveled off by the earthquake. There are no more flowers, no more buildings, wells, smokestacks or obelisks. There is no movement -- only the flickering of low flames and the smoke driven by the gentle breeze.

GROUP OF ELOI 374

Staring into the vast destruction.

TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA 375

He holds her hand. The CAMERA MOVES IN SLOWLY and we begin to hear the

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
(calmly)
The underworld of the Morlocks was gone...and so was the life of leisure for the Eloi.

He looks o.s.

GROUP OF ELOI 376

The Man in White, with others, approaches the group headed by the Young Man. The two men look at each other, their gestures and expressions showing their joy at release from centuries of fear.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
From now on they would have to work to survive. And looking at their faces, I somehow knew that they could start over again.

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER AND WEENA 377

He looks down to Weena and we HEAR:

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
Another night was coming, but this night no Eloi needed to fear.

The CAMERA MOVES CLOSE ON TIME TRAVELLER who looks up in concern.

TIME TRAVELLER'S VOICE
But what of me? - I was imprisoned in a world in which I did not belong.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. THE POOL - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) 378

This is the same pool where the Time Traveller saved Weena's life. The peaceful SOUND of the RUSHING STREAM is occasionally interrupted by a REMOTE RUMBLE or EXPLOSION from the earth below.

There is no sign in the sky of old constellations, only the face of the full moon looks familiar. The Time Traveller, wearing his velvet jacket, relaxes on the white sand, playing with the blossom Weena gave him earlier that day, and WHISTLING "The Land Of The Leal".

Weena sits on a large rock nearby at the edge of the pool, washing the soot from her face and hands. She glances over to the Time Traveller.

WEENA
Are you sorry?

He STOPS WHISTLING, but the MUSIC CONTINUES. He turns.

378 CONT'D. (2)

TIME TRAVELLER
Sorry? - Sorry for what?

WEENA
That you have to stay.

TIME TRAVELLER
(gazing into the night)
Yes. - I am sorry because I could tell so much to the people of my own time... I could tell them about the happiness and sorrow the future has in store for them. They could learn from it...or would they?

WEENA
You don't want to stay, do you?

TIME TRAVELLER
It isn't that, but I don't fit here anymore than you would in my time.

WEENA
(a pause, and then)
I would like to see your time.

TIME TRAVELLER
No, Girl, you wouldn't be very happy there.

WEENA
Do you have someone like me - there?

TIME TRAVELLER
No. No one like you. But there are friends who will miss me. - As a matter of fact, I'm probably late already.

WEENA
(stealing a glance, then quietly)
Women?

TIME TRAVELLER
No, men.
(teasing)
There is a woman too, of course!
(noticing her disappointment, he relents)
She looks after my house for me. She is sixty-two years old. - Much older than you are.

Weena, relieved, starts to comb her wet hair into a new arrangement. 378 CONT'D. (3)

WEENA
(suddenly)
How do they wear their hair?

TIME TRAVELLER
Who?

WEENA
The women in your time.

TIME TRAVELLER
(after a thought)
Up!

WEENA
Up? - How?

TIME TRAVELLER
(with awkward gesture)
Like this.

WEENA
Show me.

The Time Traveller puts the flower back into his pocket, gets up and walks over to Weena.

WEENA - MED. SHOT 379

The Time Traveller appears behind her. He first hesitates, then gently lifts her hair into a fair imitation of the upswept Edwardian style. She smiles, then with an impulsive move turns her face toward him.

WEENA
(innocently)
Would I be pretty?

The gesture brings her eyes and lips close to his. He still holds her upswung hair and, as he gazes into her young eyes, he feels her warm breath on his cheek.

TIME TRAVELLER
(slowly)
Yes...you would be. More than pretty.
(his voice sinks to a whisper)
I wish we could go back together, Weena, back to my own time...or to times before that when the world was young. We could...

EXCITED VOICES o.s. interrupt this interlude. They both look in the direction of the voices.

EXT. HILL - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) - (MATTE) 380

A group of Eloi, led by the Young Man and the Man in White, approach them, talking excitedly, pointing to the ruins of the white sphinx just revealed by the rolling smoke. The face is broken and the pedestal partly in shambles. The panel is open.

TIME TRAVELLER & WEENA 381

Joyfully he grabs her hand and, pulling her, breaks into a run.

GROUP OF ELOI 382

The Young Man steps forward, pointing o.s. The Time Traveller and Weena run through the haze, then the Eloi follow them.

EXT. THE WHITE SPHINX - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) - (MATTE) 383

The face is broken in half. It is left with only a half a smile and thin smoke drifts through the remaining eye. The rest of the statue and the sirens are on the ground beside the partial ruins of the pedestal. Beyond it the hill is gone and gray haze covers the once green world. The Time Traveller and Weena come through the charred bushes onto the lawn. Here they stop.

THE OPEN PANEL - THEIR P.O.V. 384

The Time Machine sits in the midst of the swirling smoke. The flames, licking at the inside walls, have not yet reached the Machine.

TIME TRAVELLER & WEENA - MED. SHOT 385

He releases her hand to reach into his jacket pocket and bring forth the lever without which the Machine will not function.

TIME TRAVELLER (without looking at her)
Come, Girl!

He walks toward the panel. Weena follows hesitantly, but the long habit compels her to halt before the threshold. Unmindful of this, the Time Traveller enters. 385 CONT'D (2)

INT. PEDESTAL - LONG SHOT 386

Shooting from inside the pedestal, the Time Traveller and his Machine are black silhouettes in the foreground, while beyond him Weena stands on the lawn outside, the moonlight flooding her radiant features.

Inside, black smoke still rises and whirls around as the Time Traveller examines his Machine and starts to fit the lever into place.

REVERSE ANGLE 387

The Time Traveller working eagerly. A shadow starts sliding across his figure, moving more swiftly until darkness falls and the panel closes with a CLANG.

OUTSIDE THE PANELS 388

Weena, seeing the panels close, runs up to them and POUNDS her fists vainly on the metal doors.

INSIDE THE SPHINX - MOVING SHOT 389

The Time Traveller leaps to the panels and struggles to open them. From without he hears Weena's POUNDING and CRIES. Suddenly he senses a living presence within the sphinx. For a moment there is silence. Then from the right comes a hacking, weak COUGH. Another from the left. Then something STUMBLES OFF, down the stairway. He whirls around, GASPING and COUGHING, to see three of the enmaddened Morlocks rising before him. Avoiding them, he stumbles to his Machine and gets into the saddle. The suffocating smoke blinds him as he gropes for the lever. Morlocks seize his legs and try to wrest him off the Machine. The fire and smoke become dense, half obliterating the struggling bodies.

INSERT: THE CONTROL PANEL 390

The Time Traveller's hand gropes for the lever and finally grasps it.

OMITTED 391-403

INSERT OF DIALS 404

Spinning backwards. Suddenly, a gloomy shade falls over the instruments, followed by a burst of whirling smoke and the twinkling red light of fire. There is a flash of sunshine, then finally total darkness.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 405

Passing back in time through his captivity beneath the lava. He reels in the saddle, then coming from darkness a red glow quickly engulfs the scene. As the red hot lava leaps away from him and the daylight returns, we can see that his face is covered with perspiration. He looks off to see:

SERIES OF SHOTS - (ANIMATION, MINIATURE, SPLIT) 406

(NOTE: These shots seen previously are now printed backward.)

The red hot lava withdraws through the street ruins and the great rents in the ground gulp it up quickly. Out of the ruins buildings are molded and then atomic explosions in reverse flash across the screen. The SOUND OF EXPLOSIONS, RUMBLING ETC. IN REVERSE AND SPEEDED UP join the HUMMING of the Time Machine. (a,b,c)

BLUR TO:

The sun and the moon chase each other alternately across the sky, gradually slowing. (d,e)

BACK TO TIME TRAVELLER 407

INTERCUT his reaction to the previous scenes until he straightens and readjusts the lever. The HUMMING DECREASES, then walls rise about him. Watching the dials, he carefully moves the lever. The flickers of the days and nights decelerate and, with a sudden pull, he halts the Time Machine. The HUMMING ABRUPTLY CEASES.

INSERT: DIAL 408

It stops on: "5 January 1900".

INT. LABORATORY - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) 409

The Time Machine has returned, but it is resting in the far corner of the room instead of in the spot where we originally saw it.

In the gloom, the Time Traveller clambers painfully from the Machine. Then, FOLLOWED BY CAMERA, he staggers to the workbench and sinks onto it. His eyes explore the room and finally come to rest on the clock. It is "8:04".

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

PENDULUM CLOCK - CLOSE SHOT 410

Now showing "9:22". For a long while only its MONOTONOUS TICKING is heard. - A welcome change from the cacophony of time traveling.

The CAMERA MOVES slowly to reveal the DINING ROOM where the five men, their meal finished, are sitting silently around the table. Mrs. Watchett is quietly serving the liqueur. The Time Traveller is puffing on his pipe. Kemp is chewing on his cigar and Hillyer's face is red with indignation.

DR. HILLYER
It's ridiculous! Simply preposterous!

Filby is bent over his coffee playing absorbedly with the spoon which CLINKS loudly in the room's silence. Bridewell, of course, takes a big gulp from his brandy.

410 CONT'D (2)

BRIDEWELL
Well, there's one thing I'll say for you, George. You always could tell a good story. Best adventure yarn I've heard for years.
(loudly)
You're a truly fine inventor, George!

He alone starts to laugh at his 'joke', but a hiccup quickly puts a period to that. Mrs. Watchett steps to the Time Traveller to pour him a bit of brandy.

MRS. WATCHETT
I'll turn down your bed for you!

As she exits Kemp looks up.

KEMP
Truthfully, where have you been for the past week?

Bridewell examines the remaining brandy in his glass.

BRIDEWELL
(voice of experience)
Now, we shouldn't ask such questions, Walter. It's not hard for a man to lose a week now and then.

TIME TRAVELLER (smiling)
I understand your doubt. Take it as a lie if you wish. Now that I'm back I scarcely believe it myself.
(a flash of memory)
Except that...
(groping in pocket)
...here are the flowers Weena gave me.

He places the blossoms on the table before Filby. They are actually less than a day old and fairly fresh.

FILBY AND THE BLOSSOMS - CLOSE SHOT 411

As he picks them up to examine.

TIME TRAVELLER (o.s.)
A present for you, David.

TIME TRAVELLER - MED. SHOT 412

TIME TRAVELLER (to Filby)
You were always interested in botany.- Try to match them with any species known today.

BACK TO FILBY 413

As he looks up, puzzled.

FILBY
I don't think I can.

GROUP SHOT 414

A still unimpressed Hillyer slams his hands on the table, stands up, looks around and then down to Kemp.

DR. HILLYER
Are you coming, Kemp.

Rising hesitantly, Kemp turns to the Time Traveller.

KEMP
It's getting late and you look exhausted. You had better get some rest.

Everyone gets up, Bridewell with difficulty, and starts to leave.

COTTAGE - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) - (MATTE) 415

The snow falls softly, big flakes wobbling down from the sky. The front door opens letting out the four guests wearing hats, capes and overcoats. They walk toward a waiting carriage, Kemp helping the staggering Bridewell. Filby is the last to leave. He pauses at the step of the carriage looking back to the Time Traveller who stands motionless in the doorway.

FILBY
Goodnight, George.

AT THE ENTRANCE 416

The Time Traveller lifts his hand and waves.

TIME TRAVELLER
Thank you, David, for being such a good friend - always.

With this he turns and goes into the house, closing the door slowly.

AT THE CARRIAGE 417

Those inside are waiting for Filby to get in, but he, deep in thought, still stands gazing back. Kemp thrusts his head from the window.

KEMP
What do you think, Filby?

FILBY (after a pause)
One thing is certain. Those flowers couldn't have possibly bloomed in the winter-time.

HILLYER (in the b.g.)
You don't really think that story was true?

Filby reaches a decision.

FILBY
Look, you chaps go on. It's just a short walk home for me.

HILLYER (o.s.)
Go on, driver!

The WHIP CRACKS.

THE DRIVEWAY 418

As the carriage rolls off leaving Filby standing in the falling snow. He waits until the carriage disappears, then retraces his steps to the front door and raps on it. He pauses a moment, then uses the heavy knocker. There is still no answer. He steps back and looks off toward the:

EXT. LABORATORY WING - FILBY'S P.O.V. 419

No light shines through its windows.

BACK TO FILBY 420

He raps once more, and getting no reply tries the door. It is unlocked. He steps into the house.

INT. LIBRARY - FULL SHOT 421

The coals still glow in the grate as Filby enters the fully lit room, looking for his friend. Suddenly a clock from the neighboring room CHIMES ONCE. Filby turns, goes toward it and stops at the doorway.

DINING ROOM - FILBY'S P.O.V. 422

The table is cleared, candles extinguished. The pendulum clock is TICKING lazily. The time is "9:30".

FILBY - PANSHOT 423

He calls into the darkness.

FILBY
George!...

No answer. Then an odd HUMMING SOUND brings him to stiff attention. The SOUND INCREASES in VOLUME and PITCH until the entire house seems to tremble. Then a violent gust of wind blows open the door that leads to the laboratory.

Filby pivots and runs up the steps, through the corridor.

AT THE DOOR OF LABORATORY - FULL SHOT 424

Filby, dishevelled and out of breath, arrives and tries the door -- it is locked. The NOISE is almost DEAFENING. He puts his shoulder to the door and finally bursts it open. At the

very instant he does so, the SOUND CEASES abruptly. He stops short, gazing aghast. 424 CONT'D (2)

THE LABORATORY - FILBY'S P.O.V. 425

The Time Traveller with his Machine FADING, leaving the present.

Then the CAMERA MOVES ACROSS the workbench to the corner where we last saw the Time Machine. It is not there! The CAMERA WHIPS to the other corner. Nor is it there! A few sheets of paper whirl desolately in the center of the floor.

CLOSE ON FILBY 426

He looks tense, ignoring the APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS behind him. Mrs. Watchett hurries in.

MRS. WATCHETT (nervous, breathless)
Oh, Mr. Filby...what...
(her eyes widen)

FILBY (with finality)
He's gone!

The CAMERA FOLLOWS Mrs. Watchett as she slowly approaches the center of the room. Here, with squinting eyes, she leans down to observe the floor.

MRS. WATCHETT (to Filby)
There's something funny here, sir!

Filby steps aside her to investigate.

WHAT THEY SEE 427

The CAMERA MOVES ALONG parallel grooves resembling the ones the Time Machine left in the lawn at the front of the sphinx. They are scratched deep in the floor leading from the spot where the Machine was last seen to the other corner of the laboratory where it originally stood. Here, not only its imprint, but also the color and finish of the floor is preserved.

TWO SHOT 428

They straighten. Mrs. Watchett looks at Filby, puzzled.

FILBY
I think I understand. - Look!

LABORATORY - FULL SHOT 429

Mrs. Watchett listens as Filby moves to the imprint in the floor where the Machine first stood and explains.

FILBY (pointing)
See the imprint? This is where the Time Machine originally stood.
(he paces across to the end of the grooves)
But the Morlocks moved it. They dragged it across the lawn right into the sphinx...right here.
(turns and points)
And Weena was standing there when he last saw her...the same space - in a different time. - So he moved back his heavy Machine from here, across the room, scratching this floor...
(indicating the grooves that lead to the imprint)
So that he can appear outside the sphinx again and help the Eloi build a new world...and build a new world of his own.

MRS. WATCHETT (faintly, sentimentally)
Where he left her!..

Filby doesn't answer. He looks about the laboratory for the last time, then takes Mrs. Watchett's arm and leads her from the room. The MUSIC STARTS THE THEME: "The Land Of The Leal".

INT. LIBRARY - FULL SHOT 430

Filby and Mrs. Watchett come into the room.

430 CONT'D (2)

FILBY
But it isn't like George. - To return empty handed. To try to rebuild a civilization without a plan.
(to Mrs. Watchett)
He must have taken something with him.

MRS. WATCHETT
Nothing.

She looks around and discovers three empty spaces on the tightly packed book shelves. She walks to them.

MRS. WATCHETT
Nothing except three books.

FILBY
Which three books?

MRS. WATCHETT
I don't know. -- Is it important?

FILBY (smiles)
No, I suppose not. - Only...what three books would you have taken?

She looks at him, pondering the question as they leave the library.

INT. ENTRANCE HALL 431

They stop at the door and Mrs. Watchett stands beside Filby as he opens it. Outside the snow is falling softly.

MRS. WATCHETT
Mr. Filby, do you think he will ever return?

FILBY (quietly)
One cannot choose but wonder. - You see...he has all the time in the world!

With these words, Filby turns up his collar, pulls the brim of his hat over his eyes and walks into the night. Mrs. Watchett looks after him. She hears the SOUND of his DIMINISHING FOOTSTEPS SQUEAKING in the virgin snow. Slowly she closes the door.

EXT. COTTAGE - LONG SHOT - (NIGHT) - (MATTE) 432

Drifting like a curtain, the snow falls quietly as Filby, a solitary figure in the night, pauses a moment to look up at the sky, then selects a path and starts walking the long way home.

SLOW FADE OUT.

THE END